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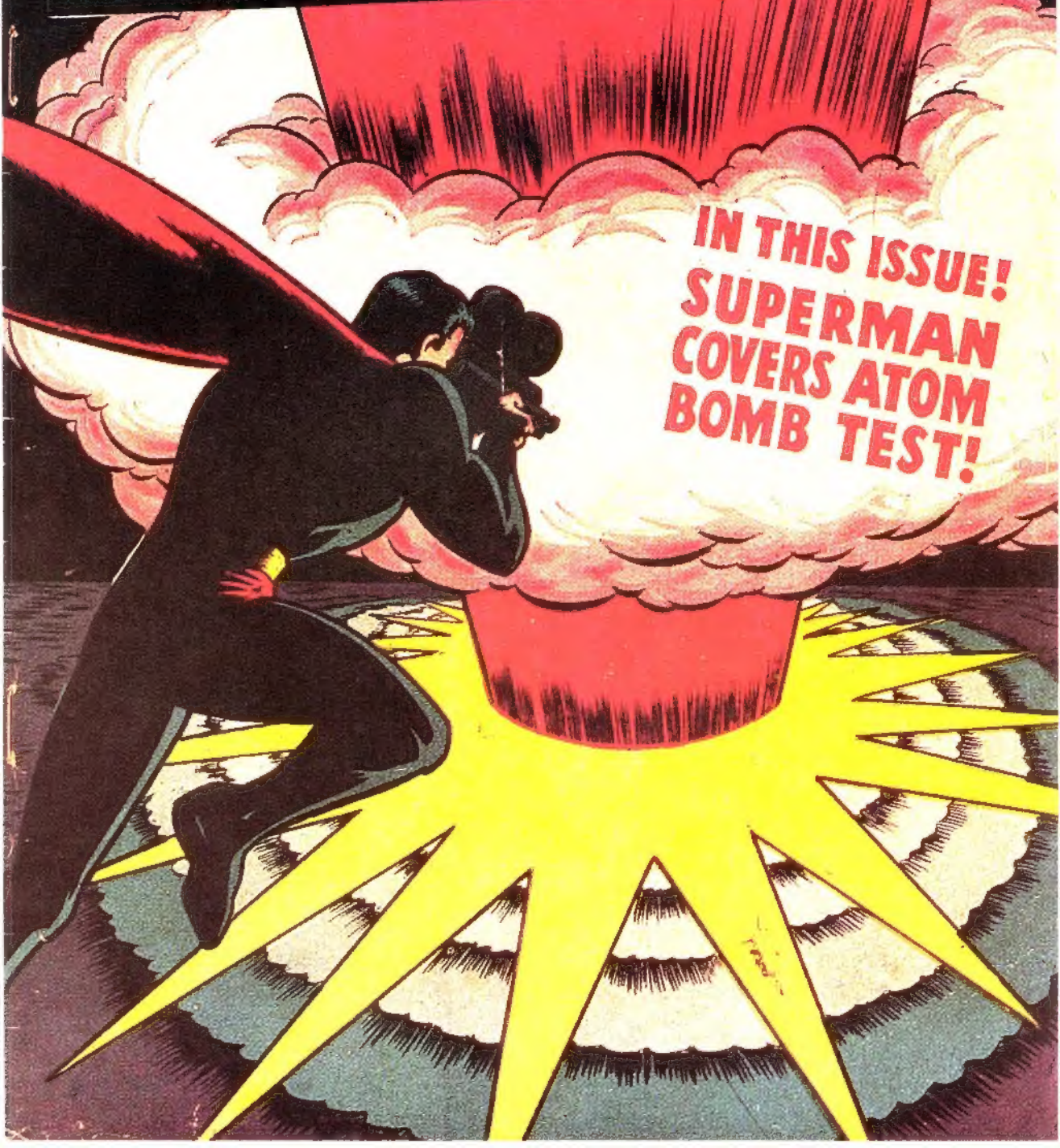
Ten Cents

OCT.
1946



ACTION COMICS

**IN THIS ISSUE!
SUPERMAN
COVERS ATOM
BOMB TEST!**



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SUPERMAN COMIC MAGAZINE

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



KING OF THE ZOO,
HE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT
AND HE KNOWS WHO'S WHO,
AND WHEN THIS SYMBOL
CATCHES HIS EYE,
HE KNOWS EXACTLY
THE COMIC TO BUY!



—ON THE COVER OF
**LEADING
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

SUPERMAN,
WHY DON'T YOU
STOP THOSE
CROOKS?

I'D RATHER
BLOW
BUBBLES
THAT'S WHY!

BANK

EMERICH JEWELRY

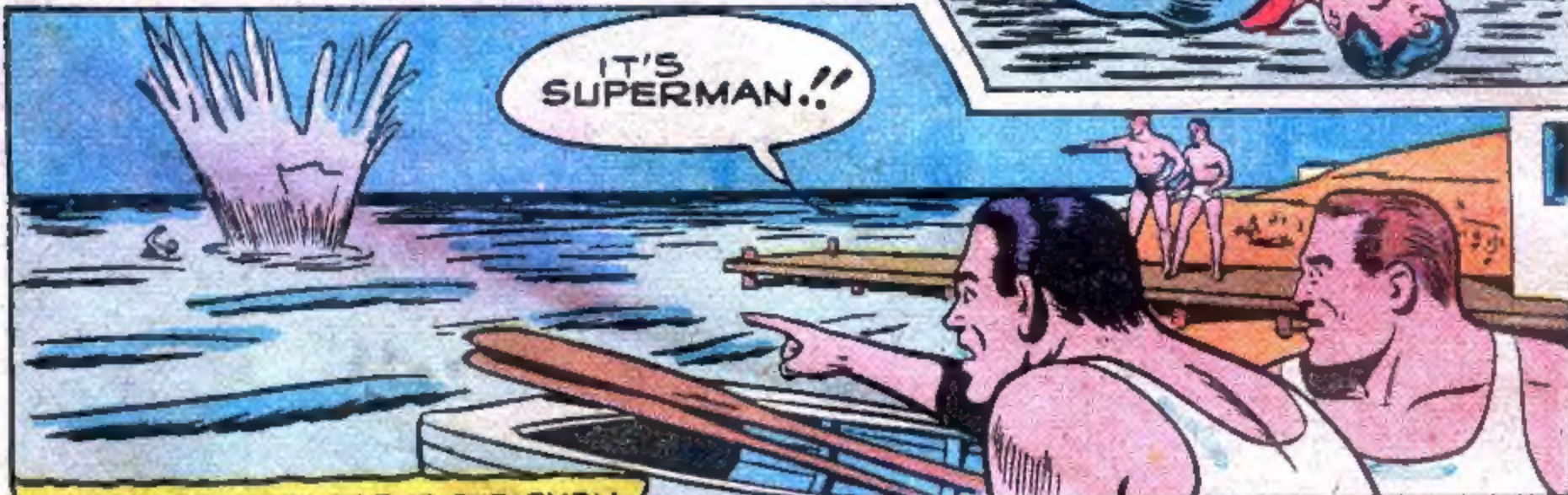
JEWELRY

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE MAN OF TOMORROW REFUSING TO LIFT A FINGER TO STOP THE EVIL, DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OF THE UNDERWORLD? OR WILFULLY BRINGING CONFUSION AND DISASTER INTO THE LIVES OF HONEST CITIZENS? INCREDIBLE, YOU SAY? BUT IT DOES HAPPEN - AND PANIC GRIPS A GREAT CITY AS SUPERMAN TURNS SUPER-MENACE AND LEAVES A TRAIL OF DAMAGE BEHIND HIM WHEN METROPOLIS BECOMES...

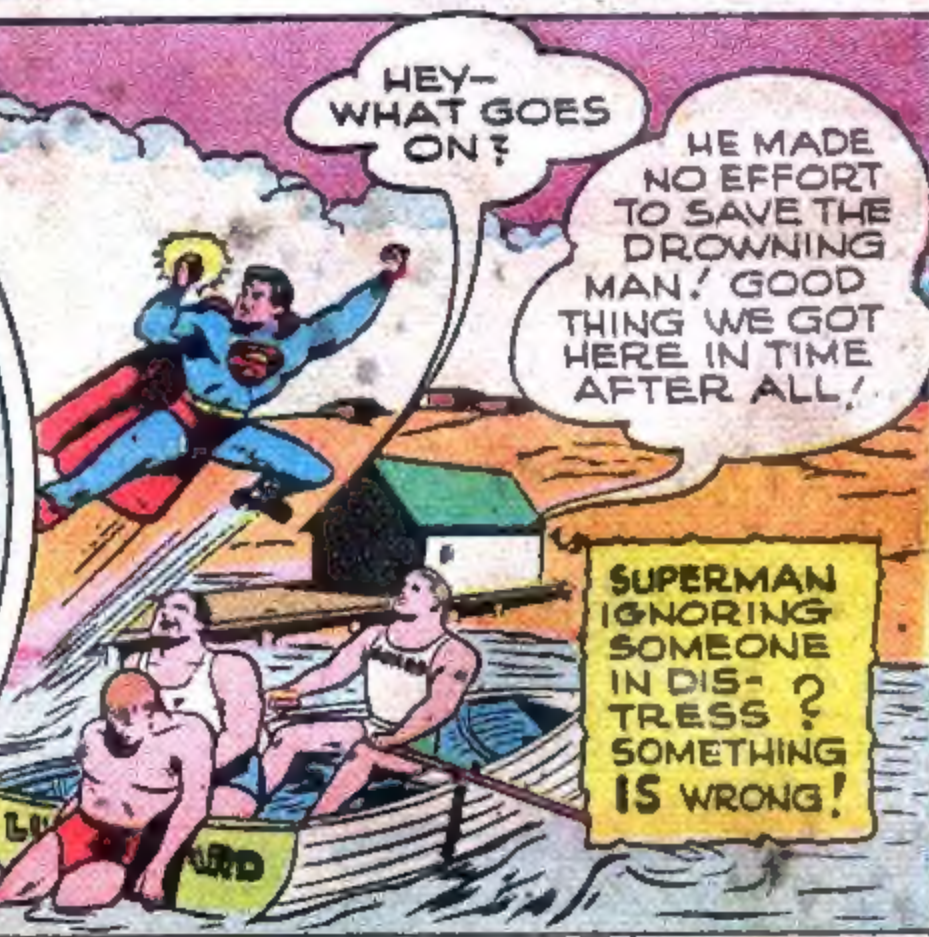
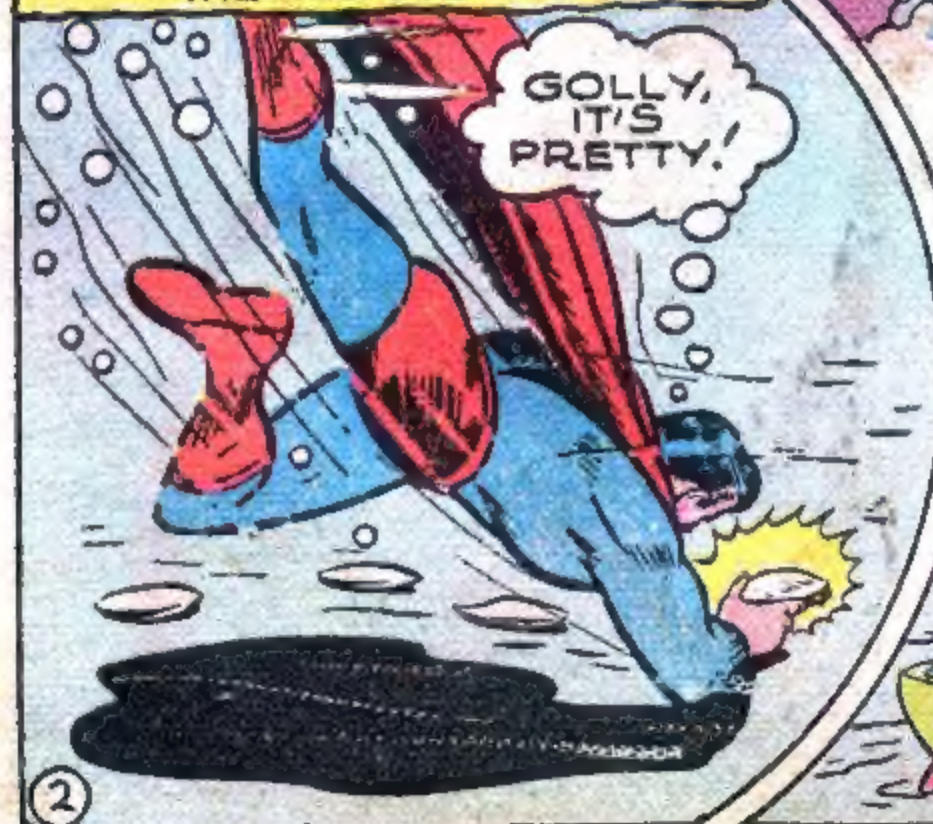
"CRIME PARADISE!"

OUT FOR A SWIM AT METROPOLIS BEACH, A BATHER IS CONVULSED BY A CRAMP.

SUDDENLY-DOWNWARD HURTLES A COLORFULLY COSTUMED FIGURE! YES, IT'S SUPERMAN! BUT WAIT-LOOK AT HIM-SOMETHING'S WRONG!



DIVING DOWN PAST THE STRICKEN BATHER, SUPERMAN GRABS UP A GLITTERING SEASHELL FROM THE OCEAN'S BED...



SECONDS LATER, IN METROPOLIS...

LOOK-IT'S SUPERMAN!

HEY! SUPERMAN-HELP US OUT HERE! MY CAR'S STALLED-

IT'S A NEW CAR... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG...

IF YOU'D JUST TOW IT TO A GARAGE, SUPERMAN..

WELL, LOOK-HE'S GOING TO FIX IT HIMSELF!

SUPERMAN AT WORK-BOY, IS THIS A THRILL!

COME BACK, SUPERMAN! YOU FORGOT TO PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN!

HE RUINED YOUR CAR!

THEN SUPERMAN BEGINS DISMANTLING A SKYSCRAPER, AS ITS FRANTIC OCCUPANTS FLEE HELTER-SKELTER!

THEN SUPERMAN RE-ASSEMBLES IT AGAIN-UPSIDE DOWN!!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? HAS SUPERMAN GONE BERSERK? FOR THE ANSWER, LET'S GO BACK A FEW DAYS...

... AND LOOK IN ON THE HEADQUARTERS OF SPECS DOUR, A GANG CHIEF WITH ODD READING TASTES ...

YOU, TH' BRAINS OF OUR MOB, SPECS - AN' ALL YA DO IS SIT HERE AND READ DAT MOTH-EATEN BOOK, "ANCIENT DRUGS!"

AXEL TAKES A DRINK FROM SPECS' BOTTLE, AND...

LOOKA ME! I'M A DAFFYDILL!

WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?

GIVE HIM A SWIG OF THIS ANTIDOTE AND HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HAVE A DRINK, AXEL, AND COOL OFF!

WOT HAPPENED?

I GAVE YOU PROOF THAT MY PERUSAL OF OLD BOOKS ON FORGOTTEN DRUGS HASN'T BEEN IN VAIN!

I FOUND AN ANCIENT DRUG WHICH CAUSES INSANITY! I SHALL DOSE RICH MEN AND MAKE THEIR FAMILIES PAY HIGH FOR THE ANTIDOTE THAT EFFECTS A CURE!

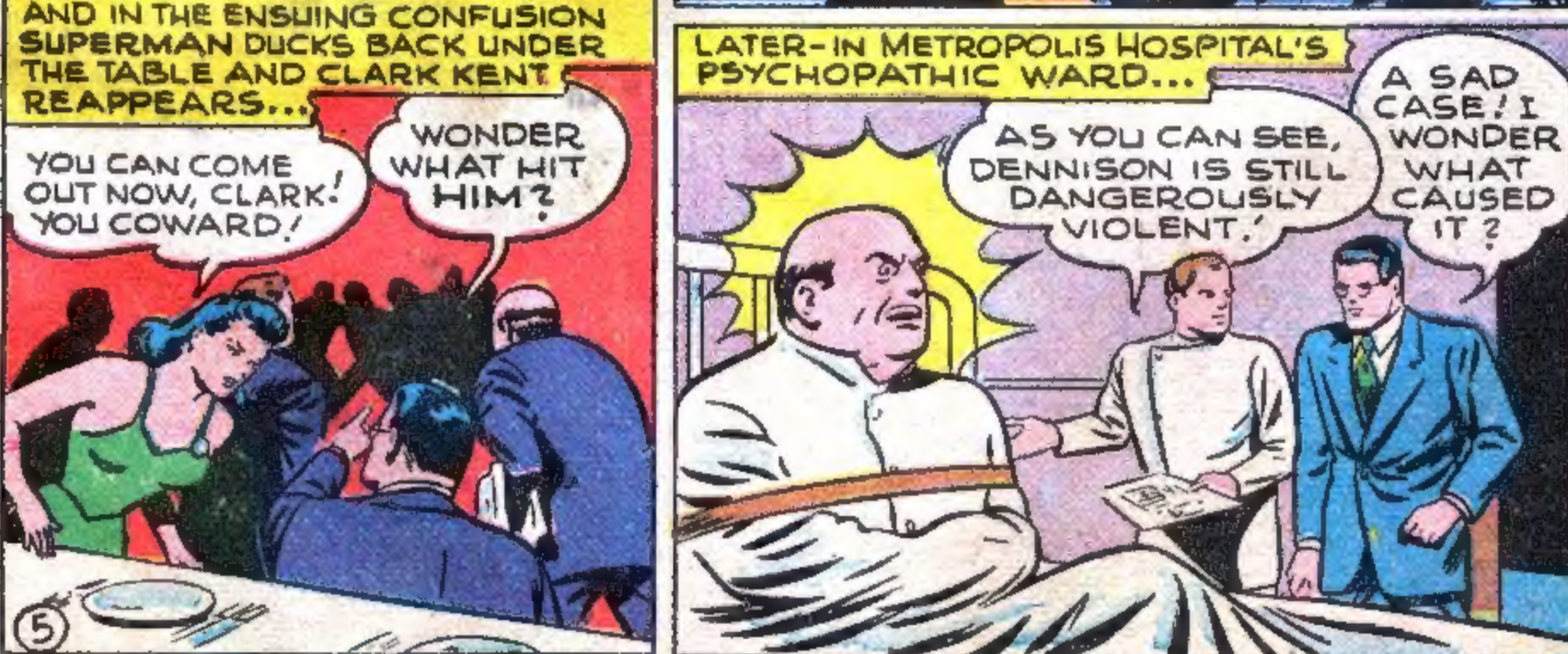
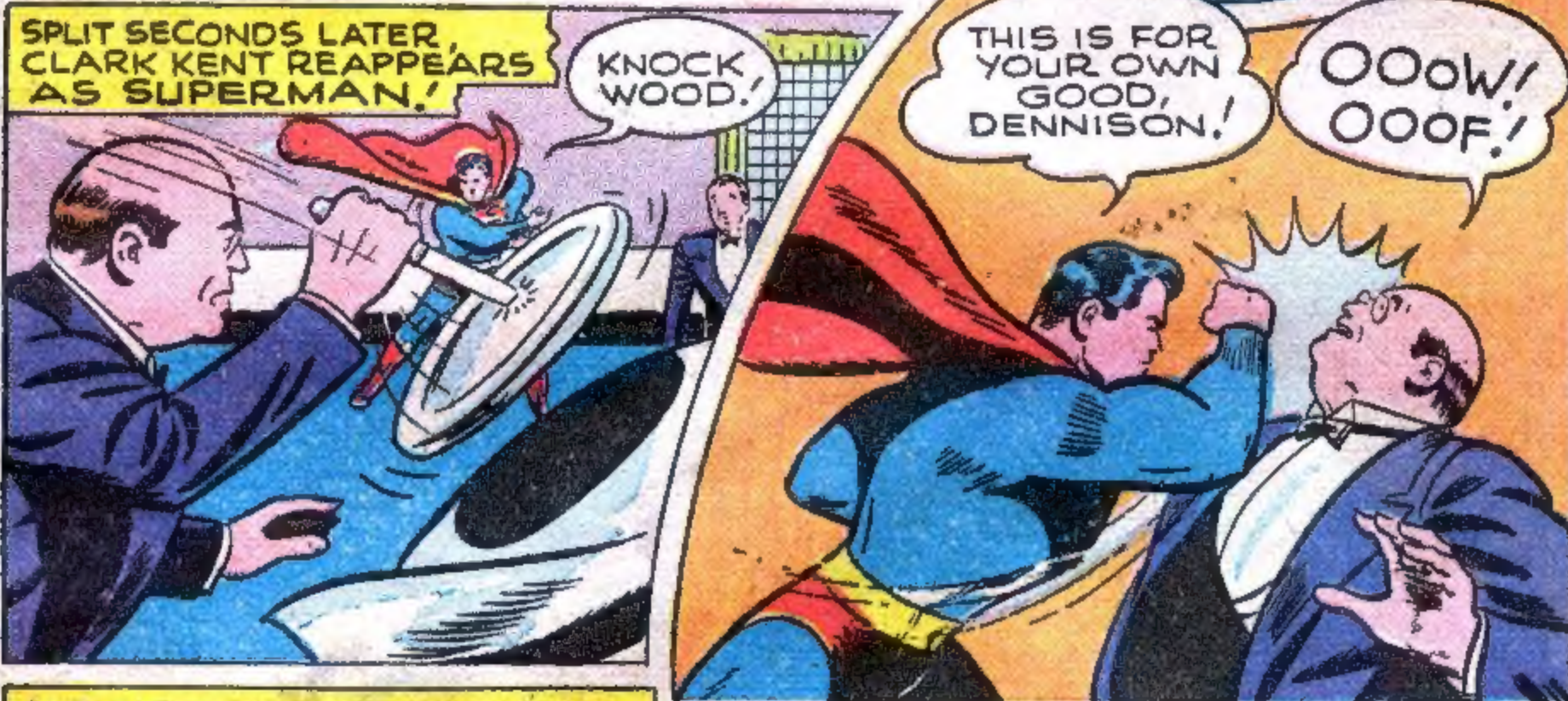
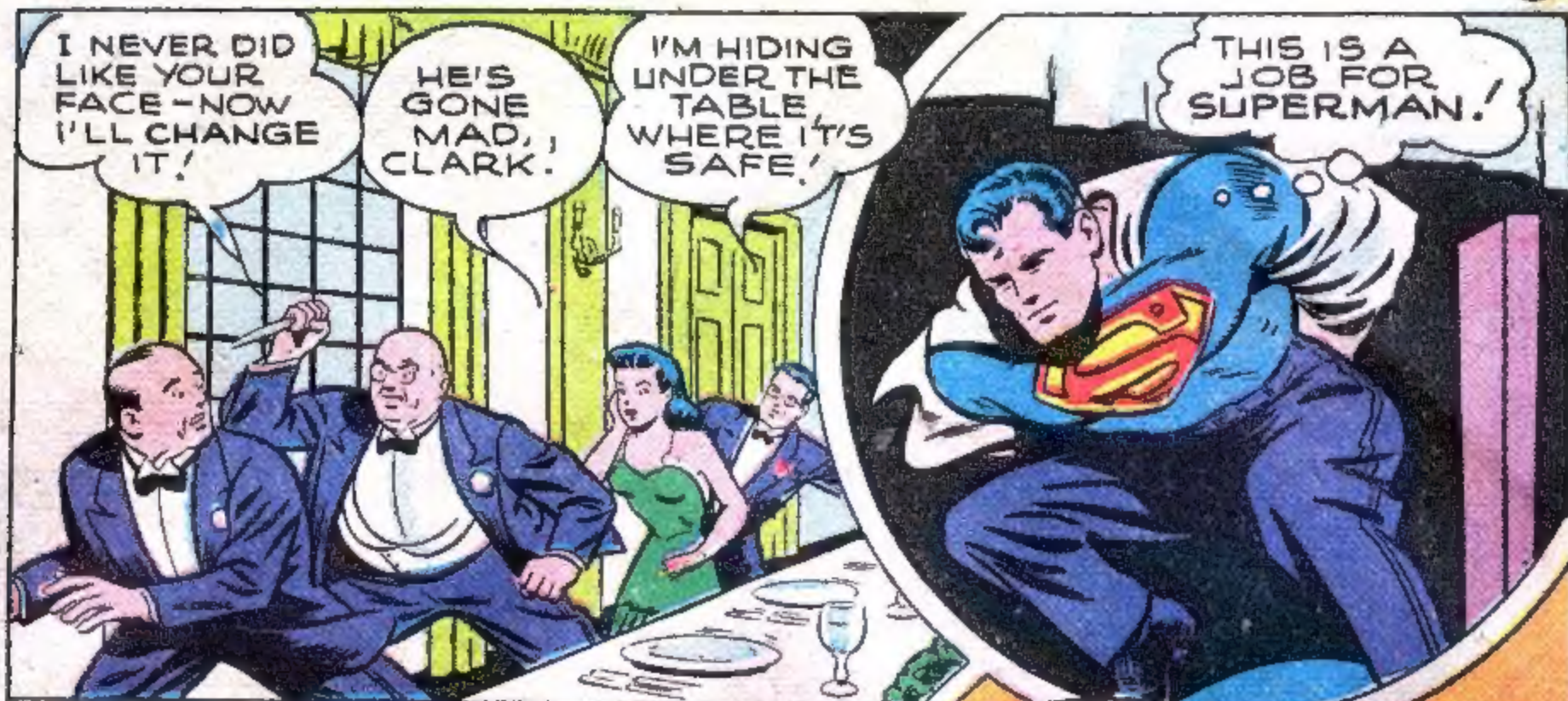
WOTTA SCHEME! WE'LL GET RICH!

THAT EVENING, DAILY PLANET REPORTERS, CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE ATTEND A DINNER IN HONOR OF CRAIG DENNISON, BIG SHOT POLITICIAN...

AND NOW FOR A FEW WORDS FROM OUR GUEST OF HONOR...

HAW! HAW!

(SPLUTTER!) DENNISON?! ARE YOU CRAZY?



AS CLARK LEAVES DENNISON'S ROOM, HE AND SPECS PASS EACH OTHER, UNAWARE THAT FATE HAS SET THEM AT CROSS-PURPOSES!

POSING AS DENNISON'S COUSIN, SPECS DOOR SEES THE SICK MAN ALONE. AND LATER...

THAT'S ODD! JUST AFTER YOUR COUSIN LEFT, YOU BECAME SANE AGAIN!

COUSIN? I HAVE NO COUSIN! AND I DON'T RECALL A VISITOR!

HO-HUM! HE LEAVES ME COLD! I'M HERE BECAUSE YOU'D GIVE ME A DATE ONLY IF I BROUGHT YOU HERE!

MEANWHILE, AT A METROPOLIS THEATER...

THE SHOW WILL BE A HIT, WITH BRUCE DOYLE STARRING IN IT! HE'S WONDERFUL!

BRUCE DOYLE
THE MUSKETEER'S REVENGE

SWORD DUEL COMING UP!

SHHHH!

EASY, DOYLE! THIS IS ONLY A SHAM DUEL, YOU KNOW!

ATTACK ME, WILL YOU!

DOYLE'S A GREAT ACTOR! LOOK AT HIS FACE-

HE'S NOT ACTING! HE'S GONE BERSERK!

EXCUSE ME, LOIS, I MUST PHONE THE OFFICE!

CLARK MAKES A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME IN A DARK CORNER. THEN...

DIE, VARLET!

MIND IF I GET INTO THE ACT?

AND THRUSTING HIS HAND BETWEEN SWORD AND VICTIM, SUPERMAN GRINDS THE WEAPON DOWN TO THE HILT!

JUST ONE DULL GRIND AFTER ANOTHER!

NOW I'LL REALLY GIVE YOU DOLTS SOMETHING TO GAPE AT!

KEEP CALM, FOLKS! JUST A BURST OF ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT!

THEN...

FOOLS! I'LL SLAY YOU ALL!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET ROUGH WITH HIM!

SORRY, DOYLE... I'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE AUDIENCE!



I'VE A HUNCH THIS WILL BE A BIGGER STORY THAN CLARK'S!

INSIDE SPECS' HIDEOUT...

SHALL WE POLISH HER OFF, BOSS?

NO! SHE'S LOIS LANE, SUPERMAN'S GAL FRIEND! WE CAN USE HER-ALIVE!

MEANWHILE...

TWO PROMINENT PEOPLE SUDDENLY GOING BERSERK MAY BE MERE COINCIDENCE-BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH DOYLE'S WIFE...

BUT AS CLARK NEARS THE DOYLE HOME...

KENT'S PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY PROBES INTO THE PAST, AND...

NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT MAN BEFORE? HMMM...

NOW I REMEMBER! HE'S THE MAN WHO VISITED DENNISON-AND AFTER HE LEFT, DENNISON WAS NORMAL AGAIN!

AND SUPERMAN'S TELESCOPIC, X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-HEARING ENABLE CLARK KENT TO EAVESDROP ON THE SCENE WITHIN THE DOYLE HOUSE!

YES, MRS. DOYLE-I CAUSED YOUR HUSBAND'S MENTAL UPSET! FOR THE \$50,000 I HAPPEN TO KNOW IS IN YOUR WALL SAFE, I'LL CURE HIM!

THAT WAS EASY!

BUT YOU'RE DUE SOME UNEASINESS!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW IS IN YOUR WALL SAFE, I'LL CURE HIM!

WHAT CAN I DO-BUT AGREE!

STILL WATCHED BY SUPERMAN, SPECS VISITS DOYLE IN THE HOSPITAL...

THAT'S ODD! BEFORE YOU SAW HIM ALONE, DOYLE WAS CRAZY! NOW HE'S NORMAL AGAIN!

THANKS TO MY ANTIDOTE!

TRAILING SPECS BACK TO HIS HEADQUARTERS, SUPERMAN MAKES A CALL...

GLUB! GLUB!

YIII! SUPERMAN!

OUR NEXT VICTIM WILL BE—

YOU'RE NEXT, SPECS!

BUT SPECS HAS AN ACE-IN-THE-HOLE!

NO, I BEG TO DIFFER SUPERMAN! YOU'RE MY NEXT VICTIM—DRINK THIS POTION OR LOIS WILL NEVER GET THE ANTIDOTE THAT WILL CURE HER!

HE GAVE LOIS THE DRUG, TOO! TO SAVE HER, I'LL HAVE TO DRINK IT...

ALL RIGHT, SPECS— BUT GIVE LOIS THE ANTIDOTE AND LET HER GO... THEN I'LL DRINK THE DRUG!

AFTER LOIS HAS GONE, SUPERMAN DRINKS THE DRUG, AND...

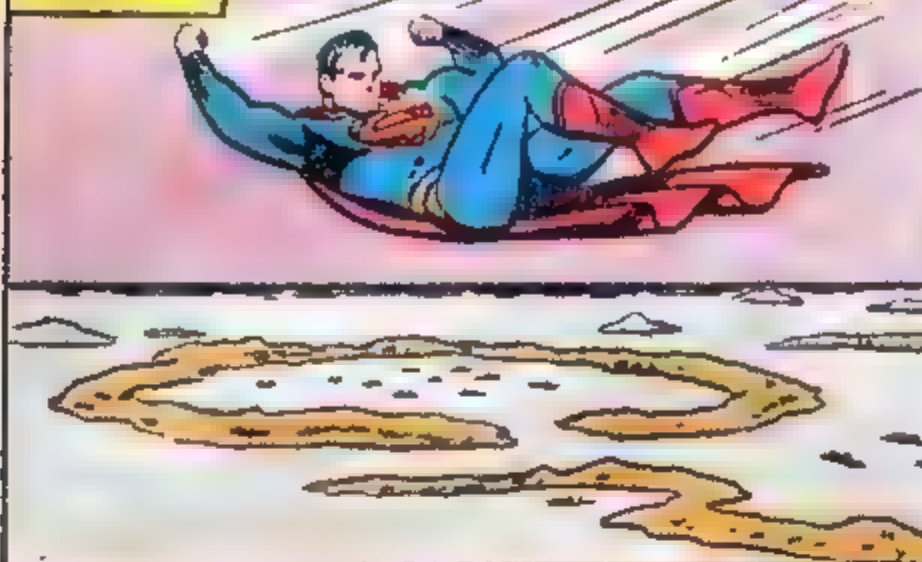
HELLO!

HE SAYS "HELLO" AND LEAVES!

SURE! SUPERMAN IS NOW BERSERK!

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE OPENING SCENES OF OUR STORY— AND EXPLAINS SUPERMAN'S BEWILDERING BEHAVIOR!

HELPLESS, HIS MIND TWISTED BY THE DRUG, THE BEFOGGED MAN OF STEEL HURTTLES FAR OUT OVER THE PACIFIC...TO A LONELY ATOLL, SCENE OF A NAVY ATOM BOMB TEST...



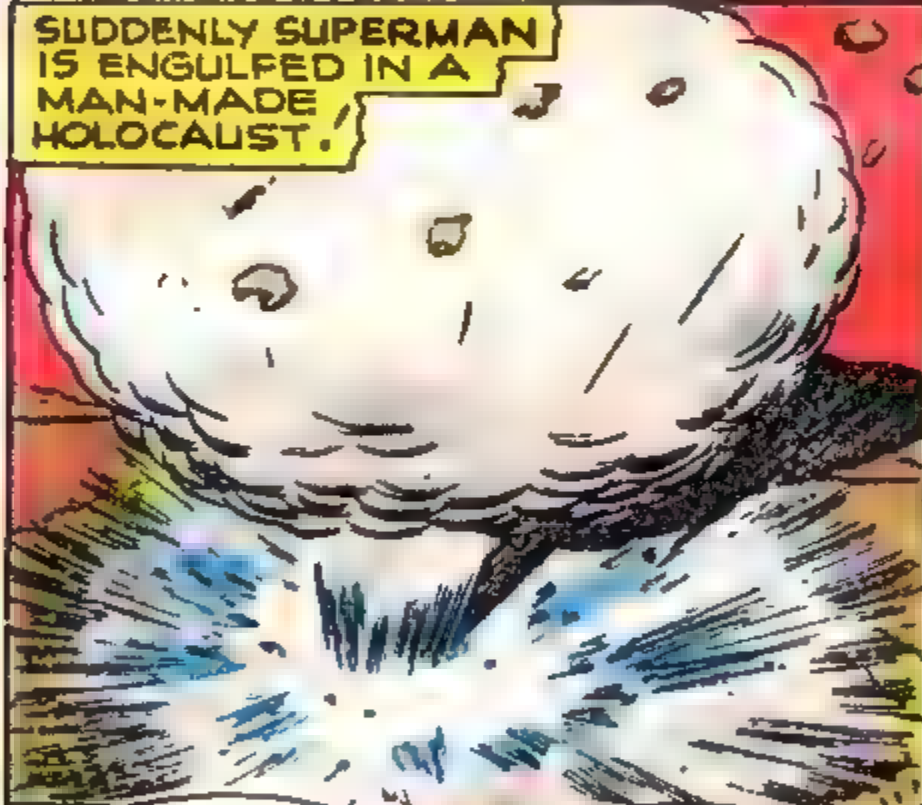
AND ON A SHIP OUTSIDE THE DANGER ZONE...

THE OLD-TYPE ATOM BOMB WILL EXPLODE FIRST!

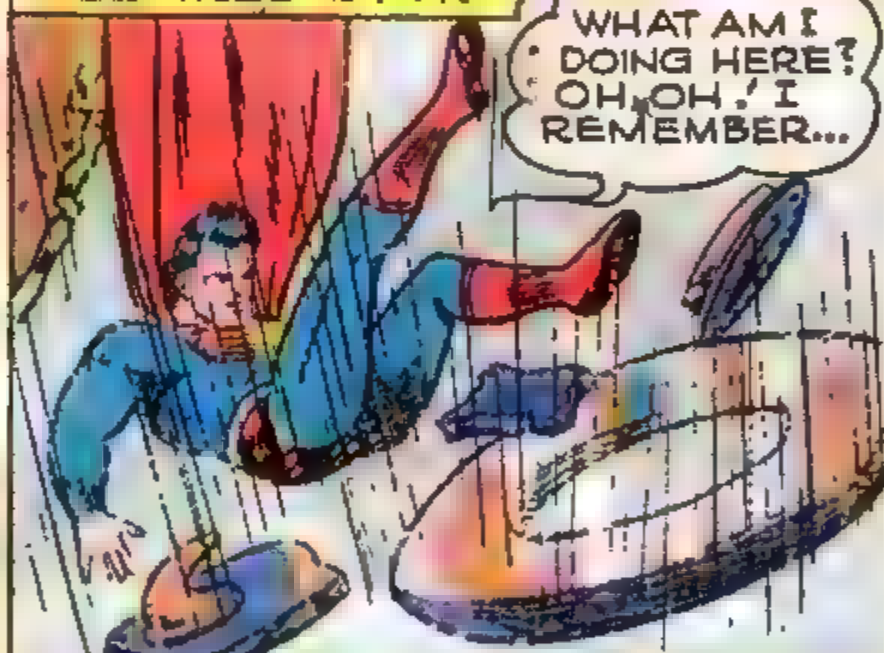
IF ONLY I COULD PHOTOGRAPH THIS AT CLOSER RANGE!



SUDDENLY SUPERMAN IS ENGULFED IN A MAN-MADE HOLOCAUST!



BUT INSTEAD OF BEING DESTROYED BY THE FEARFUL BLAST, HEAT AND RADIATIONS, SUPERMAN'S MIND IS CLEARED BY IT.

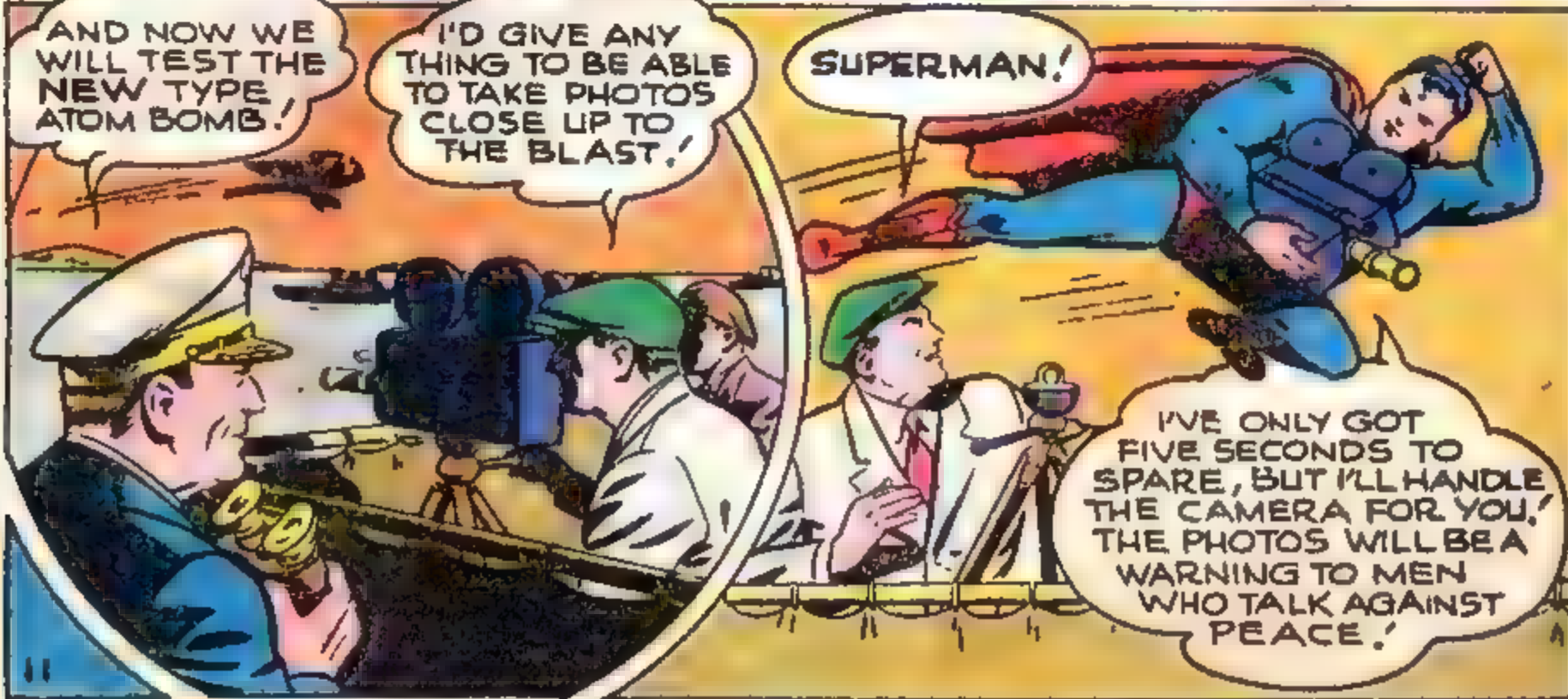


WHAT AM I DOING HERE? OH, OH! I REMEMBER...

AND NOW WE WILL TEST THE NEW TYPE ATOM BOMB!

I'D GIVE ANY THING TO BE ABLE TO TAKE PHOTOS CLOSE UP TO THE BLAST!

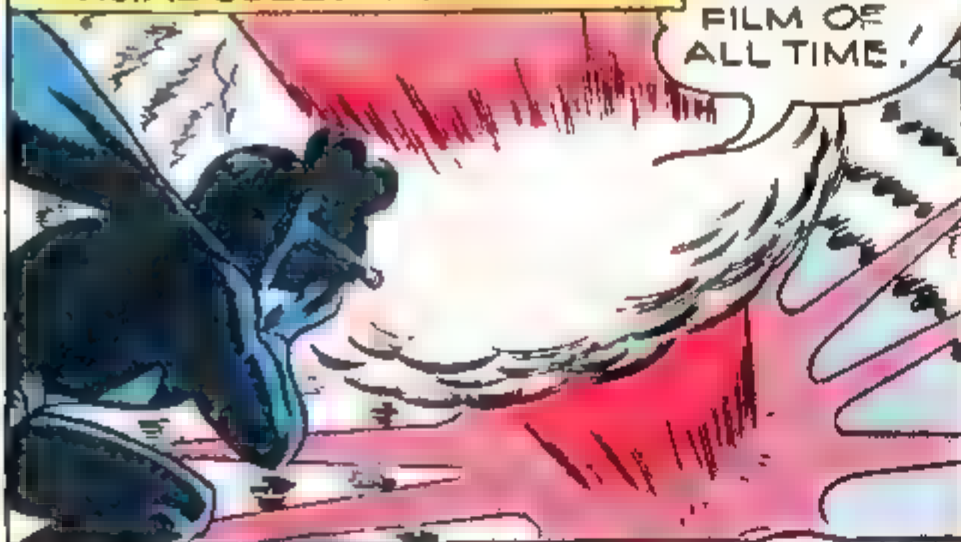
SUPERMAN!



I'VE ONLY GOT FIVE SECONDS TO SPARE, BUT I'LL HANDLE THE CAMERA FOR YOU! THE PHOTOS WILL BE A WARNING TO MEN WHO TALK AGAINST PEACE!

AND AS THE MIGHTY NEW ATOM BOMB EXPLODES, THE MAN OF STEEL SHOOTS FILMS NO OTHER MORTAL COULD TAKE!

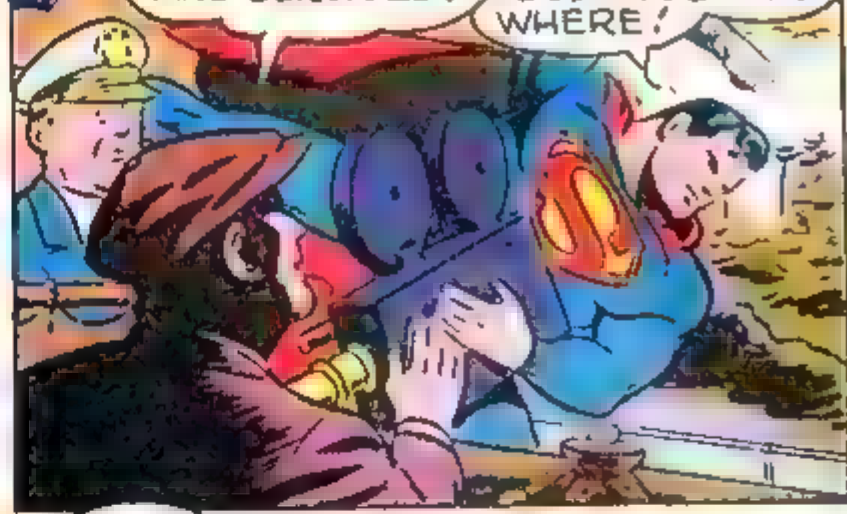
FILMED-
THE MOST
COLOSSAL
FILM OF
ALL TIME!



LATER...

HOLY COW!
YOU WENT
RIGHT INTO
THAT BLAST-
AND SURVIVED!

ANYTHING FOR
A SCOOP! BUT
NOW I'VE GOT
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS ELSE-
WHERE!



MEANWHILE, AT A FOOD SHOW, SPECS DOUR ACCOSTS HIS NEXT VICTIM-MILLIONAIRE P. J. MORAN...

TRY A
SAMPLE,
SIR!

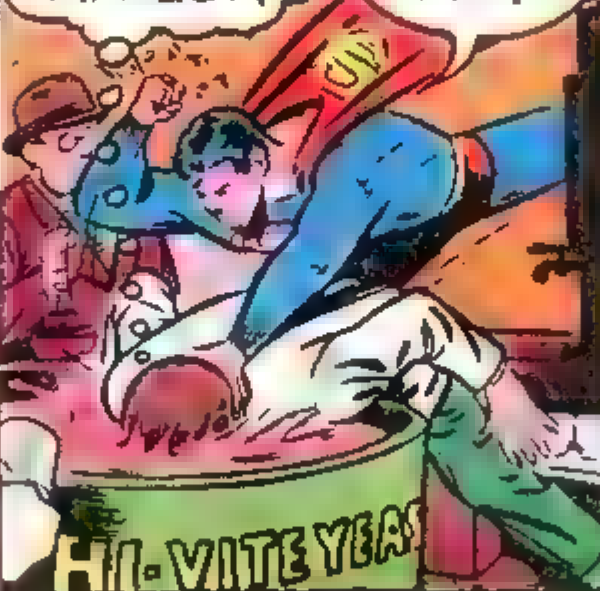
ONE SIP
AND HE'LL
GO CRAZY!

DON'T
MIND
IF I
DO!



ULP!
SUPERMAN!
BUT HOW DID
HE OVERCOME
THE DRUG'S
AFFECT?

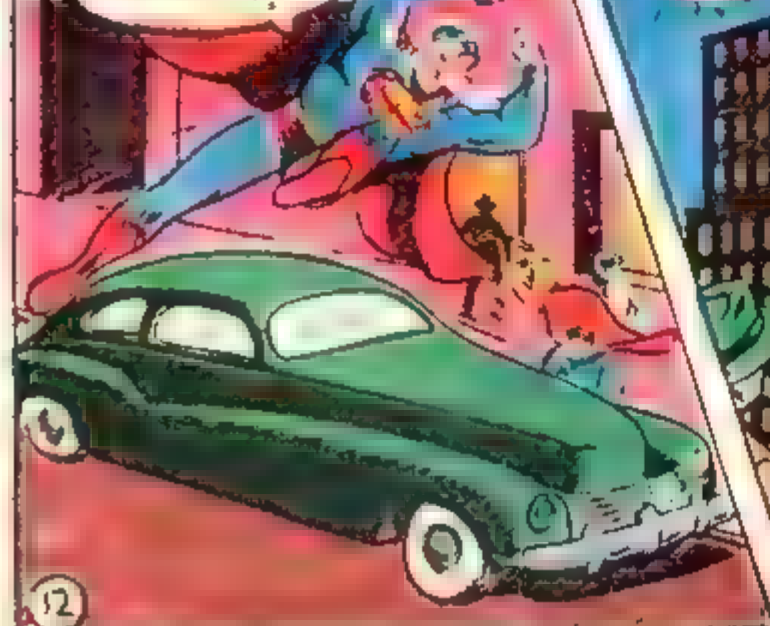
THAT
OUGHT TO
GET A
RISE
OUT OF
YOU!



ARREST HIM, OFFICER! SEE
LOIS LANE FOR DETAILS
OF HIS CRIMES! I MUST
HURRY AWAY TO CORRECT
A FEW OF MY OWN
ERRORS!



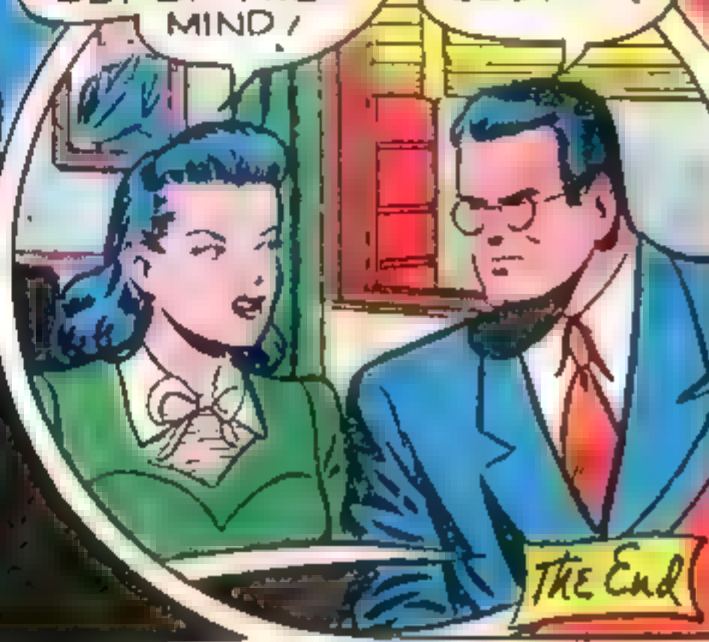
YOU CAR'S ALL RIGHT,
NOW! SORRY I
TROUBLED YOU,
BUT I WASN'T
MYSELF FOR A
WHILE!



LATER...

SPECS WAS
SO UPSET BY
THE FAILURE
OF HIS SCHEME,
THAT HE WENT
OUT OF HIS
MIND!

SO HE FELL
PREY TO THE
FATE HE TRIED
TO FORCE ON
OTHERS! THAT'S
JUSTICE!



The End

Vern STEPHENS

HOME RUN CHAMPION
OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, 1945

THE BROWNS' BRILLIANT
SHORTSTOP WAS A "LEAGUE
LEADER" HIS FIRST FULL
YEAR IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL.
IN 1939 HE LEAD THE KITTY LEAGUE
WITH A BATTING AVERAGE OF .361,
30 HOME RUNS, AND 123 RUNS
BATTED IN

I'VE GOT TWO
REASONS FOR EATING
'EM HAVEN'T I?

"I'VE GOT TWO GOOD REASONS
FOR LIKING WHEATIES," EXPLAINS
CHAMPION VERN STEPHENS.
'(1) I LIKE TO START THE DAY WITH
SOME SOLID NOURISHMENT. SO
NATURALLY I INCLUDE MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES.
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
(2) I REALLY GO
FOR THAT SWELL
WHEATIES FLAVOR!"

THIS PACKAGE
TELLS HOW TO GET
YOUR BOOKS

A BOOK ON
DEFENSE

A BOOK ON
OFFENSE

"I'VE NOTICED THAT
PLENTY OF
YOUNG BALLPLAYERS
IMPROVE PLENTY
FAST ONCE THEY GET
SOME GOOD COACHING," SAYS VERN
STEPHENS. "IF YOU'RE INTERESTED
IN PLAYING BASEBALL, YOU CAN
FIND SOME MIGHTY GOOD COACH-
ING TIPS IN WHEATIES' NEW
LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOKS,
'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL
CHAMPION?' INCIDENTALLY, I
APPEAR IN THE BOOKS AND SO
DO 33 OTHER BIG LEAGUERS"

IT'S HIS
YEAR TO
HOWL

WE CAN WIN--
IF WE JUST GET
MORE RUNS

IN A WARM-UP FOR HIS
HOME RUN RECORD, STEPHENS
LED THE LEAGUE IN RUNS
BATTED IN DURING 1944 -- AND
LED HIS TEAM TO ITS FIRST
AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT

PEPSI

THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES—I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SAY! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH--

--WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

K-CHOO!

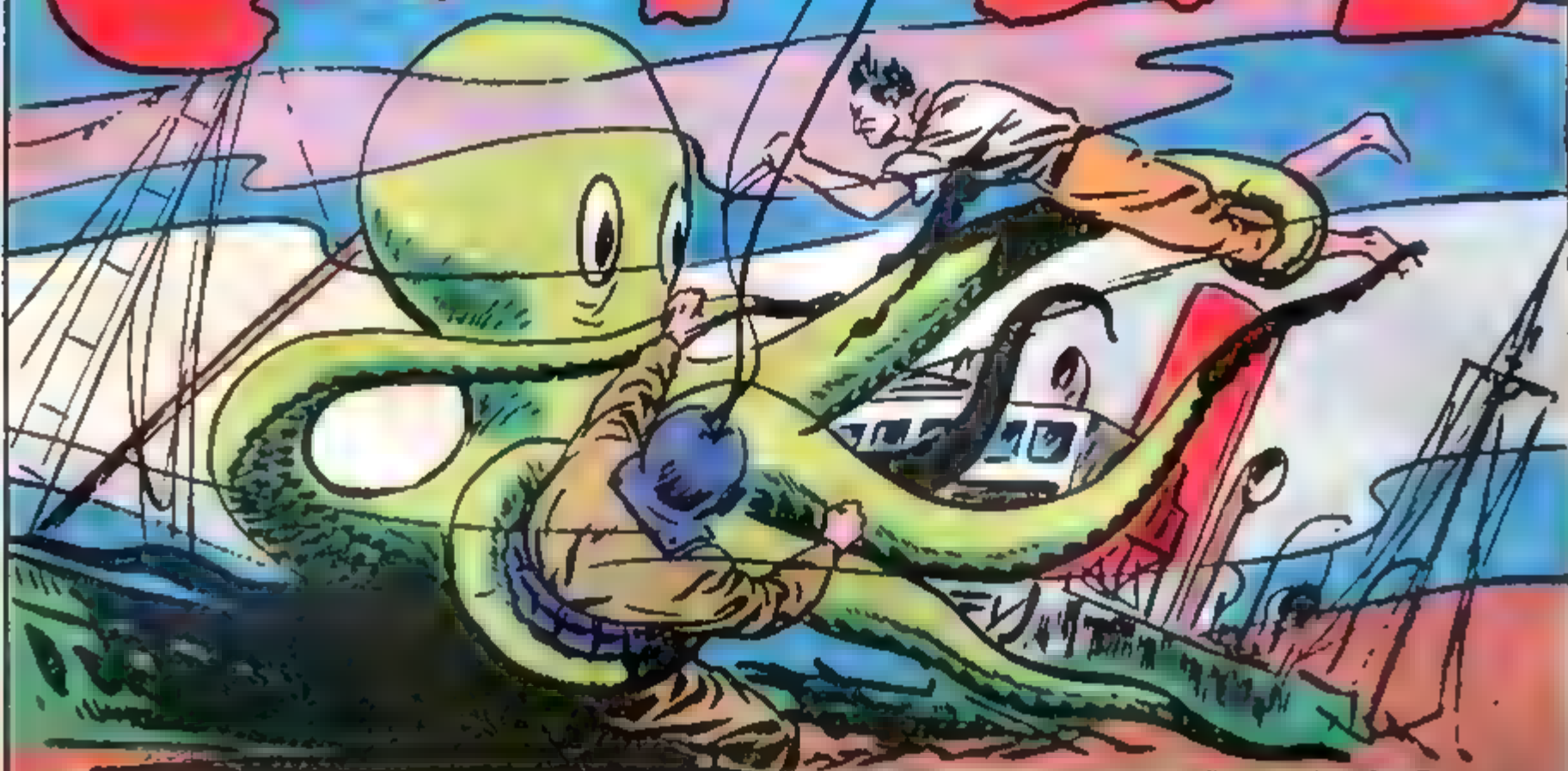
CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

PEPSI SEZ:

DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON—ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

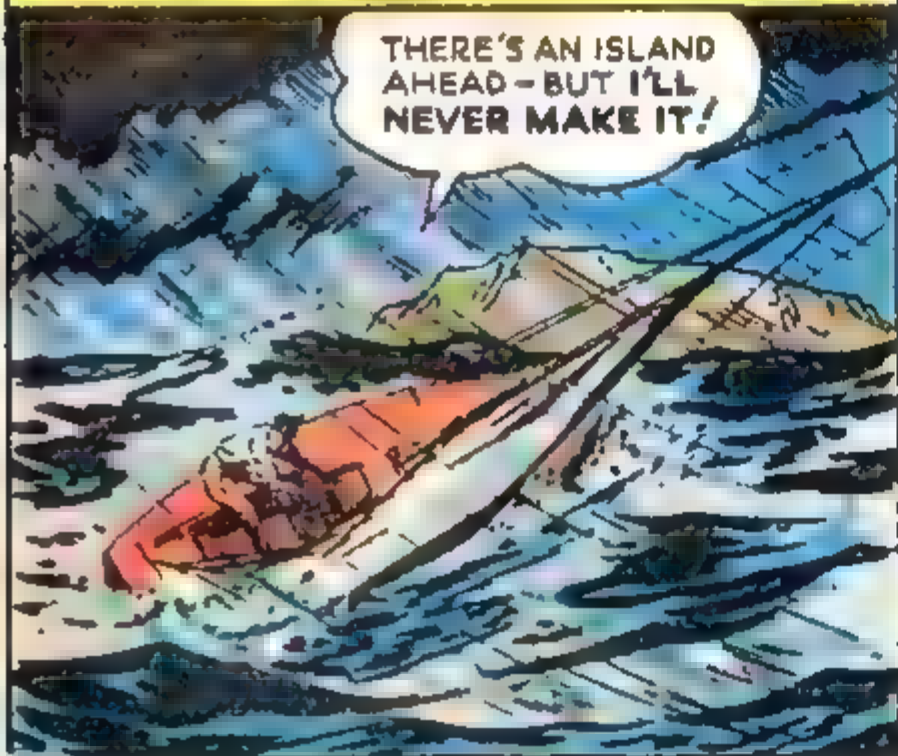
CONGO BILL



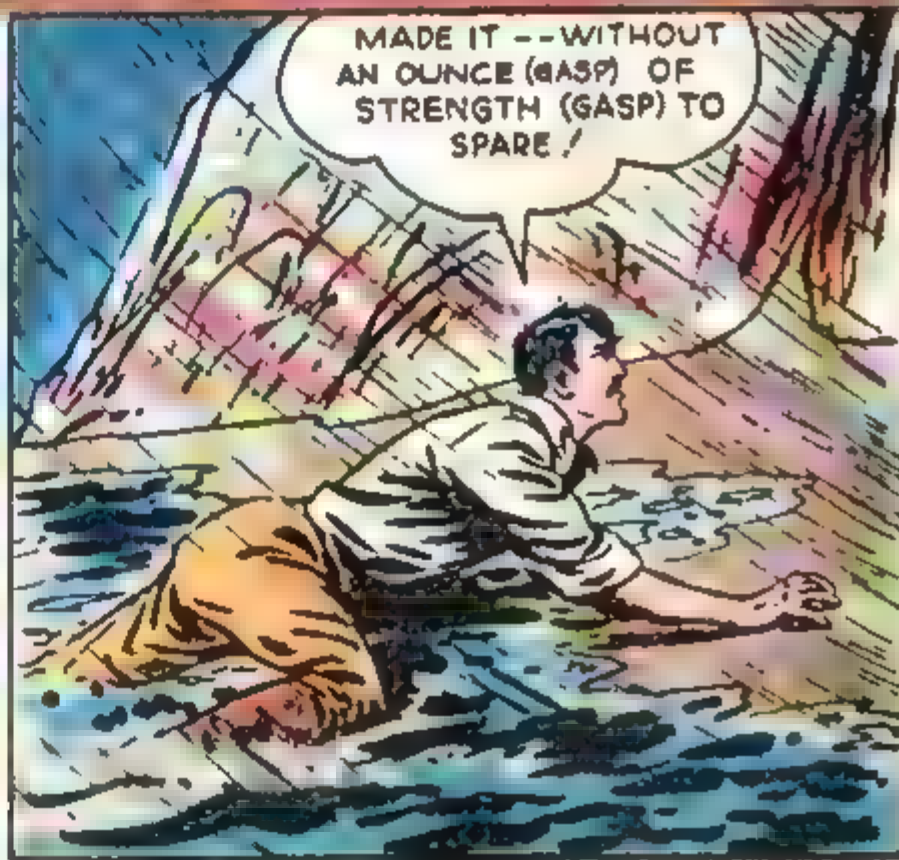
THE FURIOUS GALE THAT BLOWS CONGO BILL ASHORE ON A REMOTE BAHAMAS ISLAND PROVES THE WISDOM OF THE OLD PROVERB — "IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO MAN GOOD!" AND WHEN THE STORM-TOSSED WATERS OF A FISH FANCIER'S PARADISE ARE PLACID AGAIN, THE INTREPID ADVENTURER FINDS THAT THE TROPICAL TIDES SCREEN OMINOUS AND AMAZING DOINGS IN —

"DEVILFISH'S DOMAIN!"

CAUGHT IN A TROPICAL HURRICANE, CONGO BILL'S LITTLE STARBOAT HAS ROUGH SAILING...



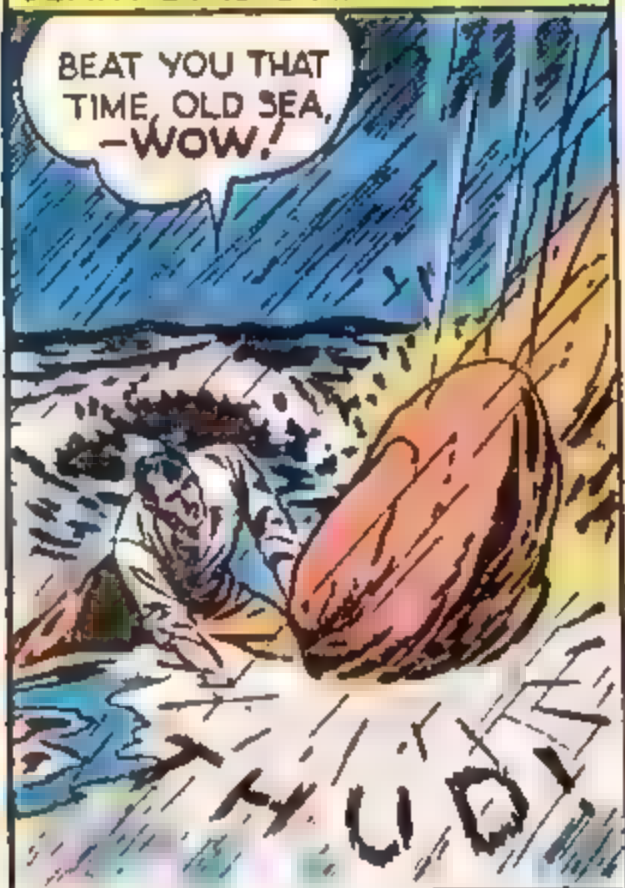
THERE'S AN ISLAND AHEAD — BUT I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



MADE IT -- WITHOUT AN OUNCE (GASP) OF STRENGTH (GASP) TO SPARE!

BUT AS BILL REACHES SAFETY-
DEATH GRASPS AT HIM AGAIN!

BEAT YOU THAT
TIME, OLD SEA,
-WOW!

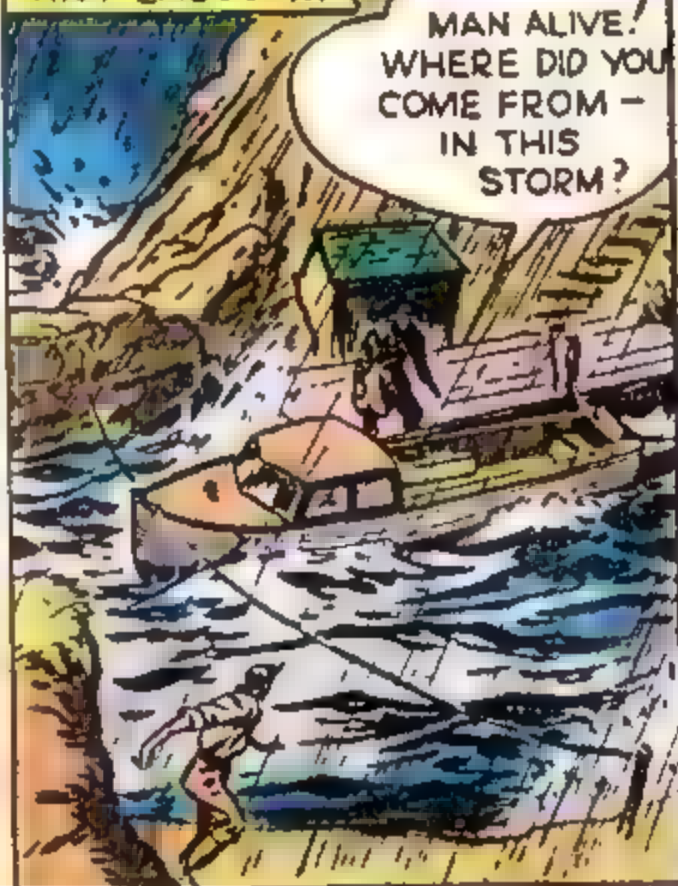


HOW COULD A BOULDER
TEAR LOOSE FROM
THAT SHEER ROCK?
- AND I'M SURE I
SAW A MAN UP THERE!



DOWN THE SHORE, BILL FINDS A
TINY LAGOON...

MAN ALIVE!
WHERE DID YOU
COME FROM -
IN THIS
STORM?



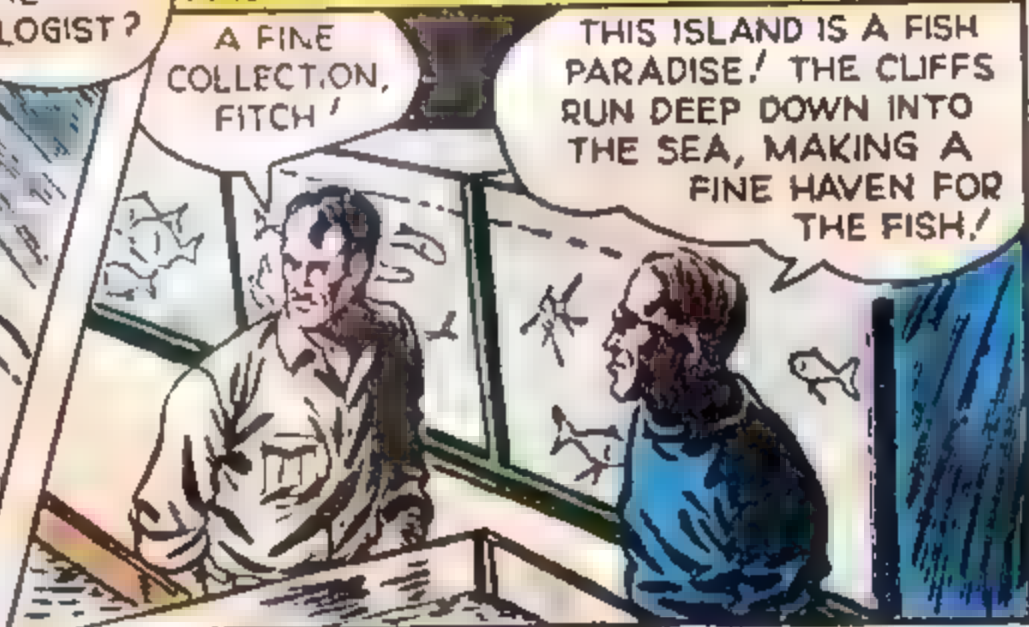
GLAD TO MEET YOU, CONGO
BILL! I'M MALCOLM FITCH!
CAME DOWN TO SECURE MY
BOAT! LET'S GET BACK TO
THE HOUSE.

MALCOLM FITCH
- THE
ICHTHYOLOGIST?

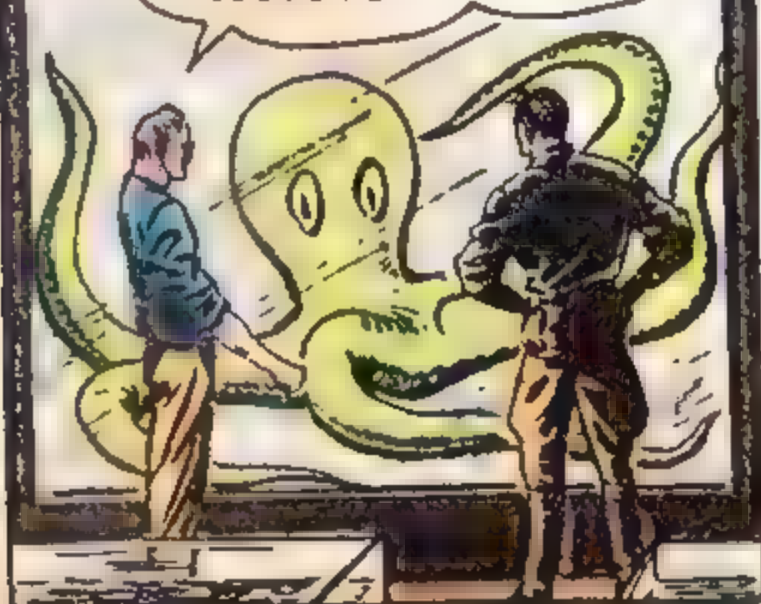
YES, MALCOLM FITCH IS A FISH EXPERT -
AND HIS HOUSE IS A MINIATURE AQUARIUM...

A FINE
COLLECTION,
FITCH!

THIS ISLAND IS A FISH
PARADISE! THE CLIFFS
RUN DEEP DOWN INTO
THE SEA, MAKING A
FINE HAVEN FOR
THE FISH!



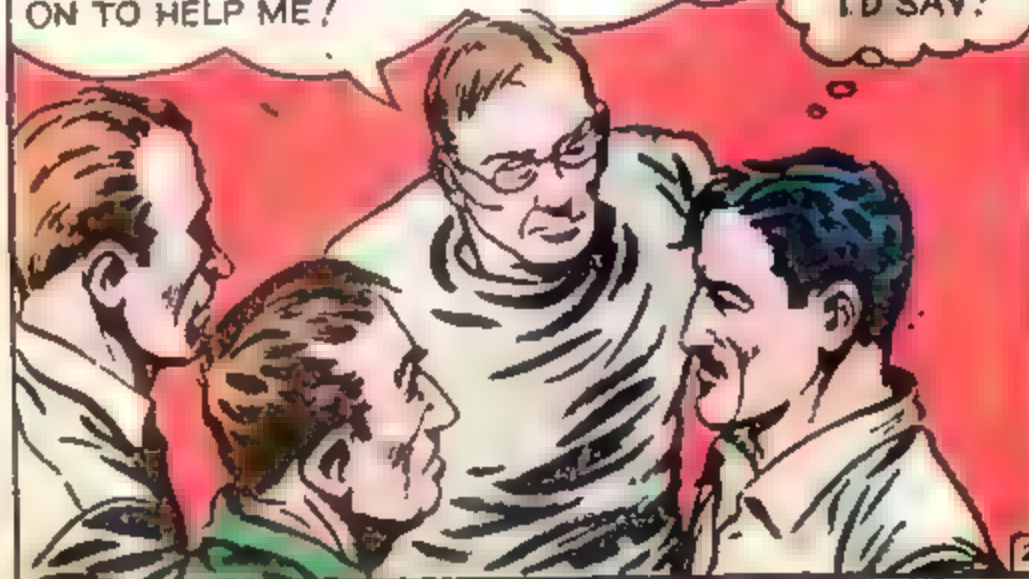
HERE'S MY PRIZE SPECIMEN - THE
LARGEST **OCTOPUS PUNCTATUS**
IN CAPTIVITY! HE'S A MEAN
CUSTOMER!



MEET TWO OTHER INHABITANTS OF THE TINY ISLE...

MEET MY ASSISTANTS, FRED MILLER
AND JOE ROEDING. THEY WERE WASHED
UP ON THE ISLAND, TOO, AND STAYED
ON TO HELP ME!

TWO MORE
MEAN
CUSTOMERS,
I'D SAY!



AFTER THE HURRICANE PASSES...

IT'S CLEARED UP NICELY!
WE'LL DO SOME DIVING
AFTER LUNCH!

WONDER WHERE
MILLER AND
ROEDING WENT?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

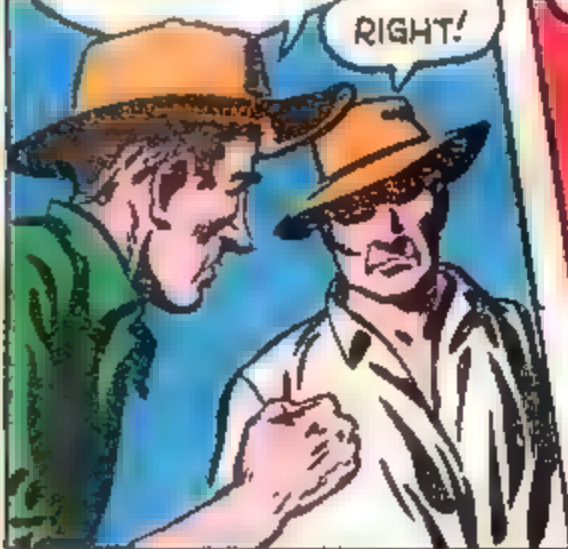
THE STORM WASHED
THE WRECK IN
CLOSER!

THE OLD FOOL
CAN SEE IT NOW!
HE'LL REPORT IT
AND THE SALVAGE
BOAT WILL COME—!



WE GOTTA GET RID
OF HIM—TODAY!
WE AIN'T GOIN' TO
LOSE A MILLION
DOLLARS' WORTH
OF LOOT!

RIGHT!

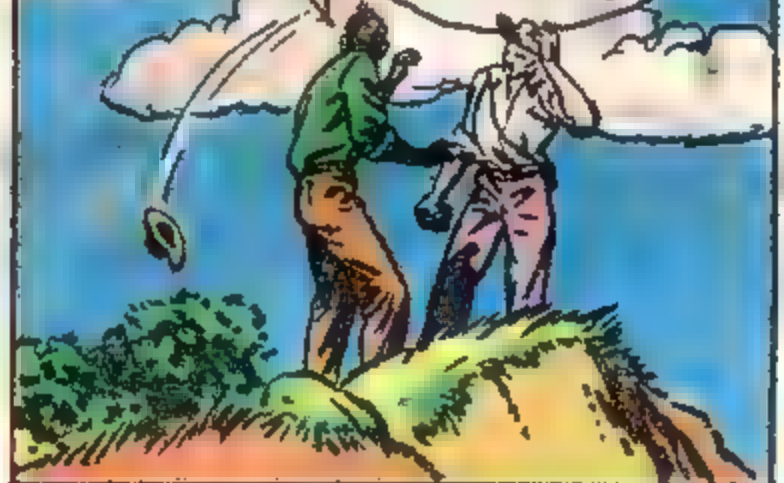


MY HUNCH WAS GOOD—
THEY'RE RUTHLESS KILLERS!
AND THEY'RE LOOTING A
SUNKEN VESSEL—A SHIP
THEY PROBABLY SCUTTLED
THEMSELVES!



SUDDENLY, THE WIND PLAYS A SORRY TRICK...

WE GOTTA GET RID
OF CONGO BILL, TOO!
TOO BAD THE ROCK WE
ROLLED OFF THE CLIFF
MISSED HIM! HEY—
MY HAT!



HE HEARD US!
GET HIM!

YOU MURDERING
SWINE!



AAAAARR—
OOF!

FOOL! DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN
STOP US?





LATER-AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...

OH--MY HEAD!
I WONDER IF THEY'VE
GOT POOR FITCH YET. ?



THE MURDERERS!
FITCH HASN'T A
CHANCE -- AND HE
WON'T HEAR ME
IF I YELL!



FAR BELOW, DEATH WAITS...

WE WON'T WAIT
ANY LONGER
FOR CONGO BILL!
I'M GOING
BELOW AND
LOOK AT THAT
DERELICT!



IF I CAN JUST
REACH THOSE
ROCKS BELOW...
AND BREAK MY
FALL ON THAT
TREE ---

MIRACULOUSLY, CONGO BILL'S
BOUND LEGS CATCH THE
STUNTED TREE!

THAT WAS CLOSE!
BUT I HAD TO RISK
IT TO CUT THESE
ROPES AND
REACH FITCH
IN TIME!

THEN, HIS BONDS CUT, CONGO
BILL PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!

I HOPE THEY'RE
TOO BUSY WITH
FITCH TO NOTICE
ME!



...THEN HE SEES THE DEADLY TRAP INTO WHICH HE HAS PLUNGED...

THE OCTOPUS!
FITCH WILL BE TRAPPED!
I'VE GOT TO HURRY!



CONGO BILL!
HOW DID HE --?

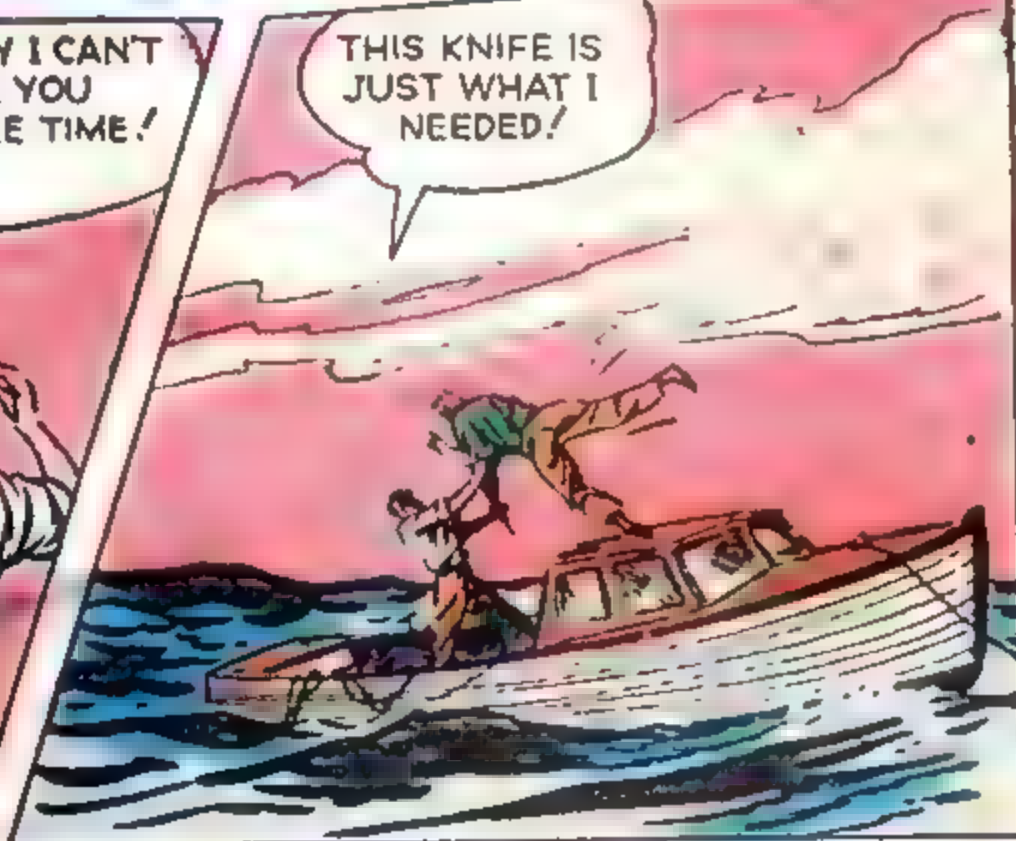
GET HIM,
YOU FOOL!



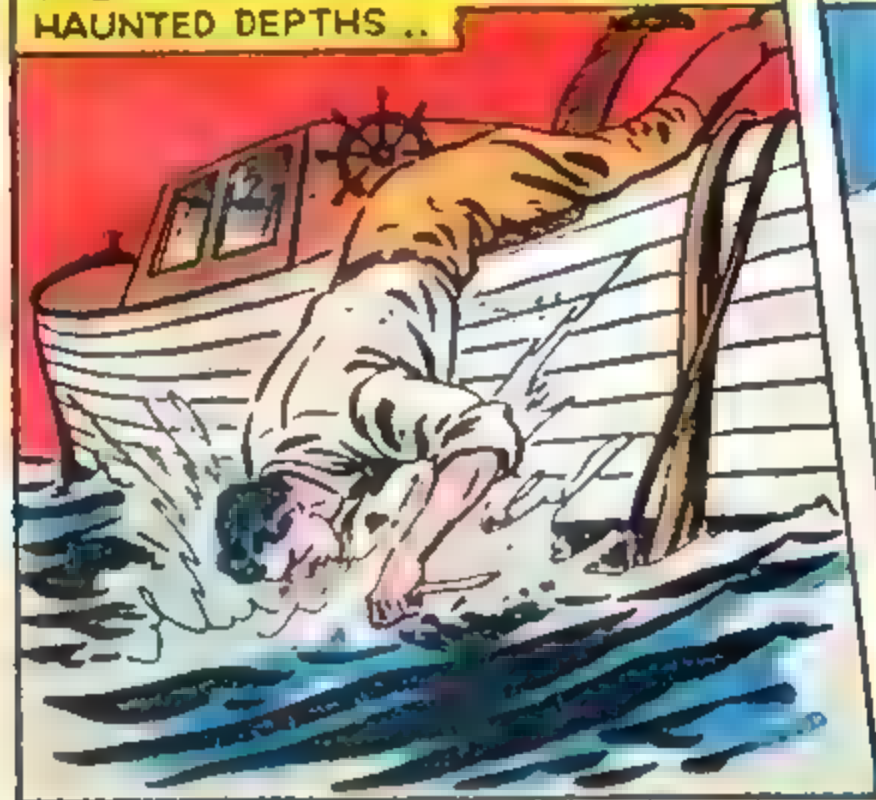
SORRY I CAN'T
GIVE YOU
MORE TIME!



THIS KNIFE IS
JUST WHAT I
NEEDED!

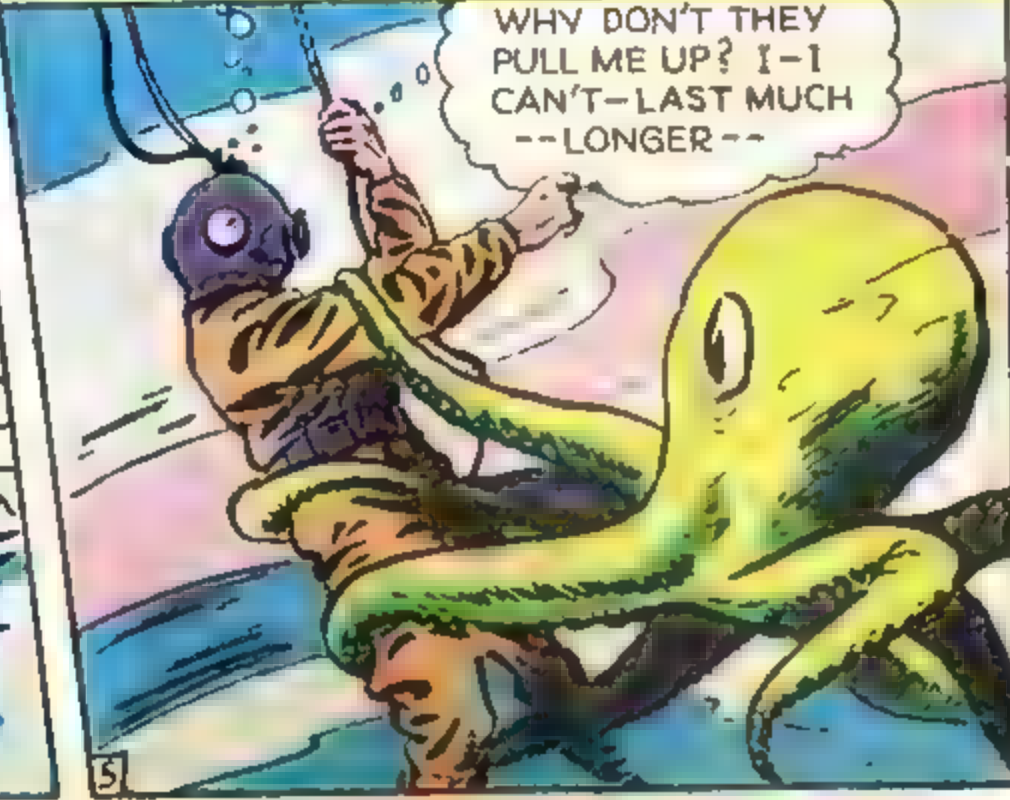


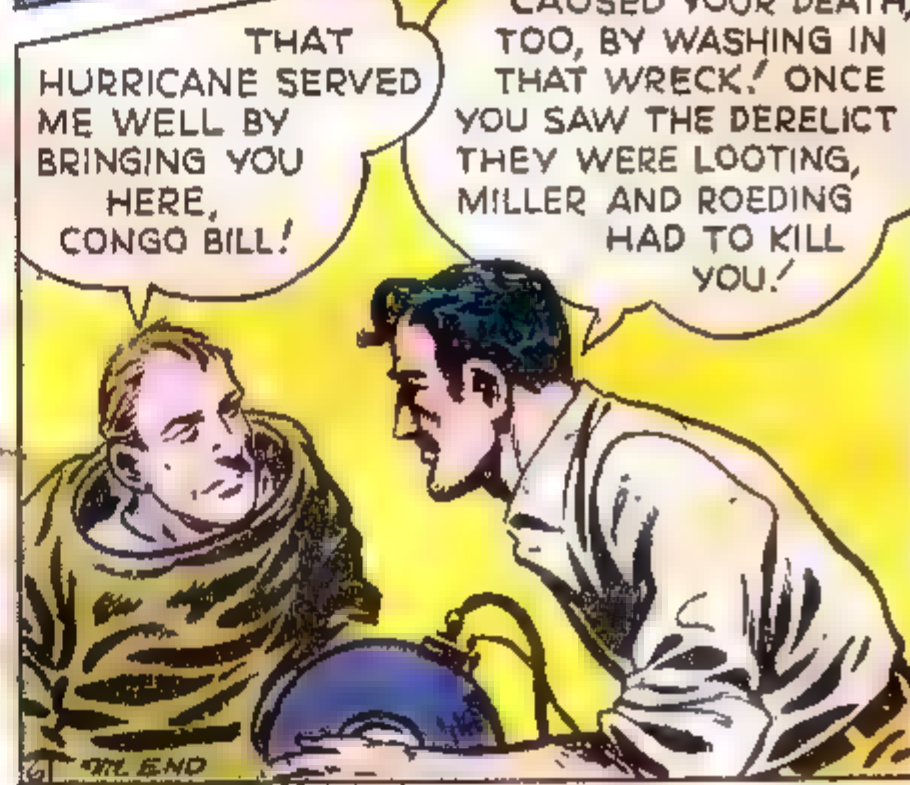
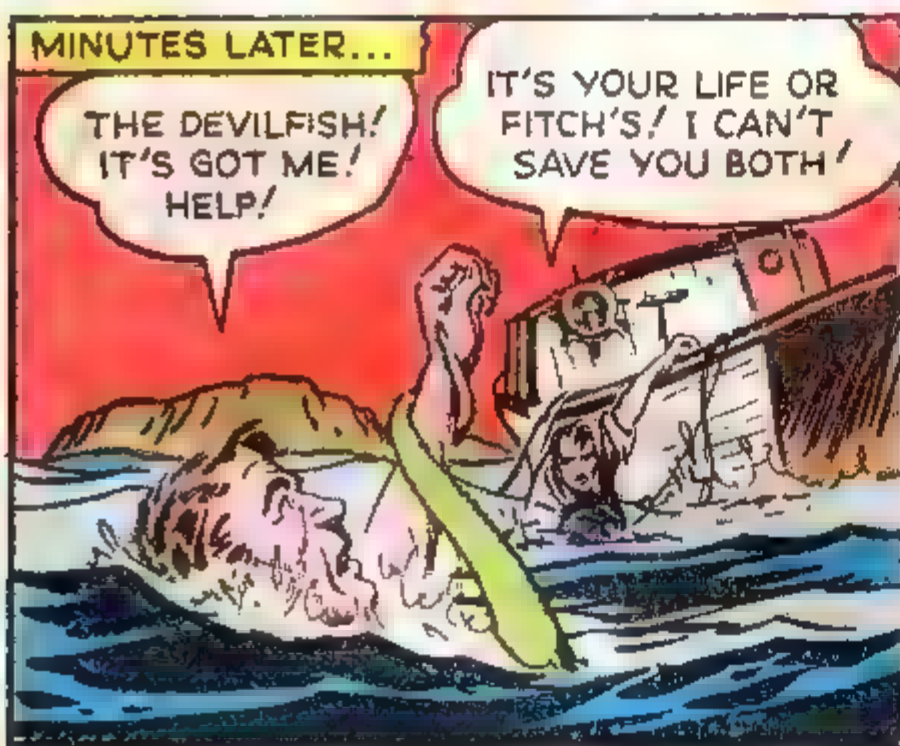
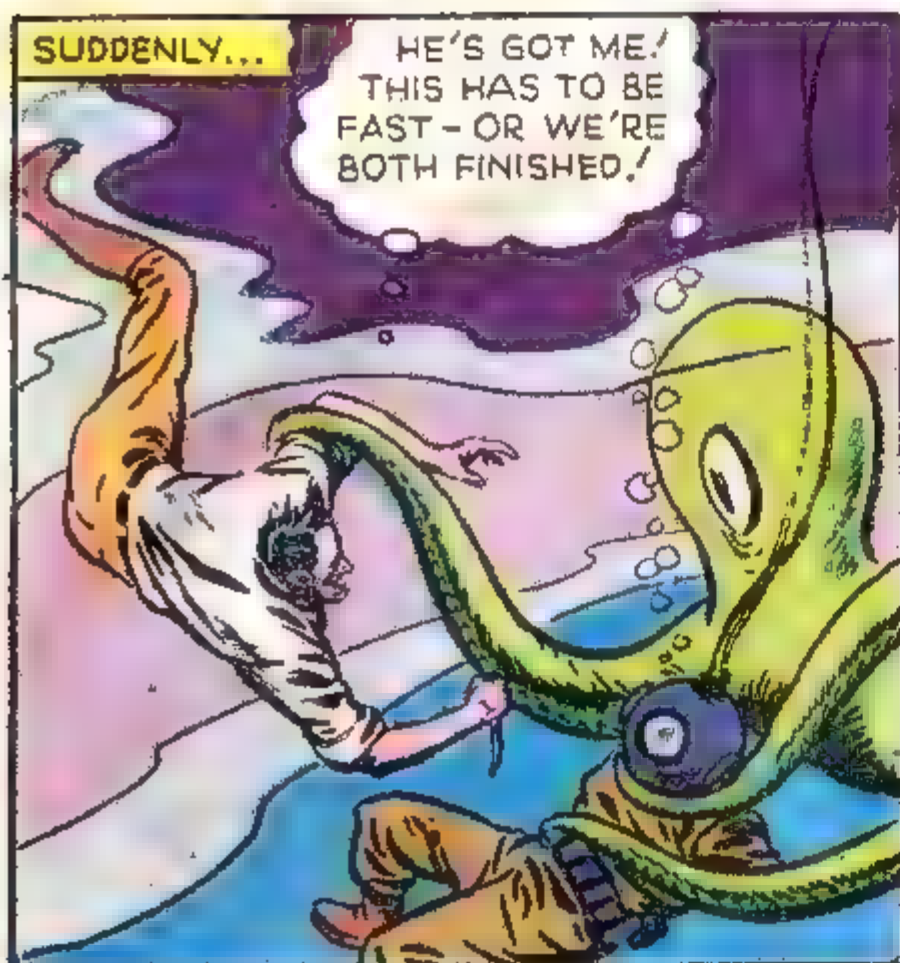
THEN -- DOWN INTO THE DEATH-
HAUNTED DEPTHS...



FAR BELOW, MALCOLM FITCH FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE!

WHY DON'T THEY
PULL ME UP? I-I
CAN'T -- LAST MUCH
-- LONGER --





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

CJTN RC OAXV BDYNAV.
JW: WXCQRWP RB VXAN
DW-JVNARLJW CQJW AJ-
LN-YANSDMRLN!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

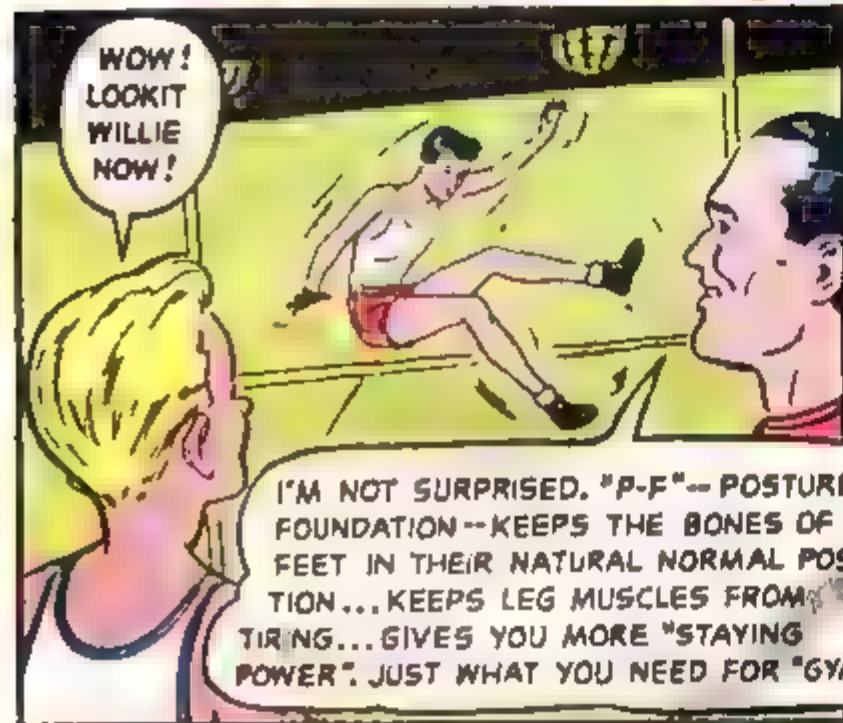
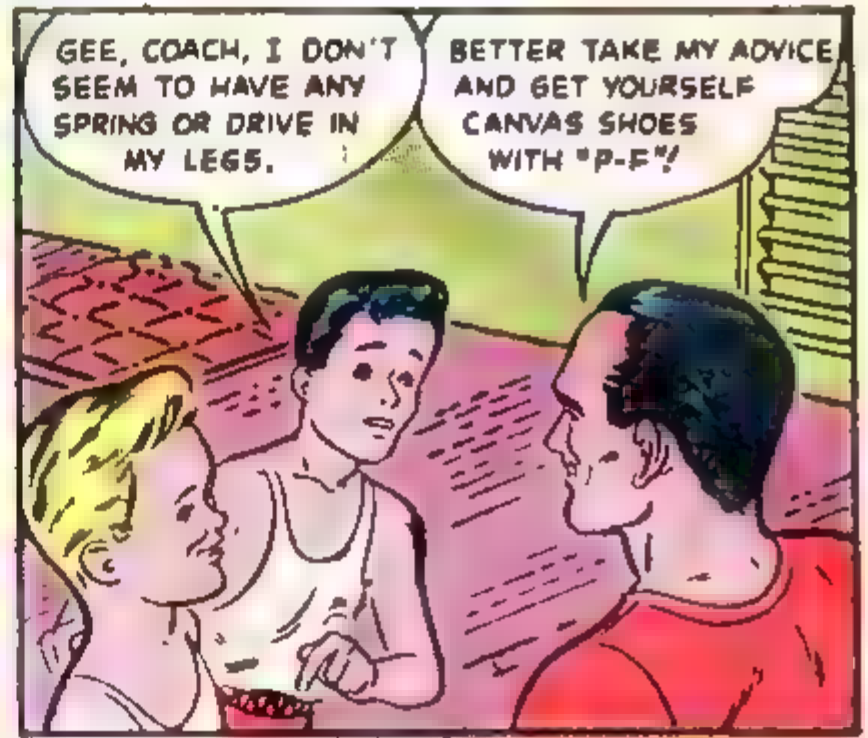
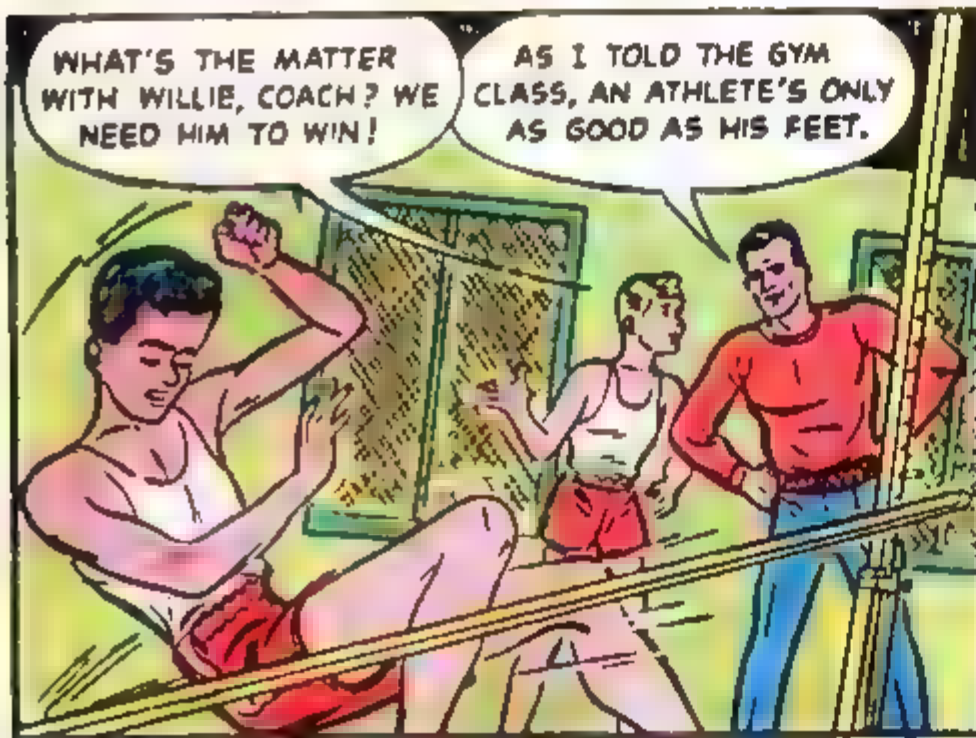
NAME AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

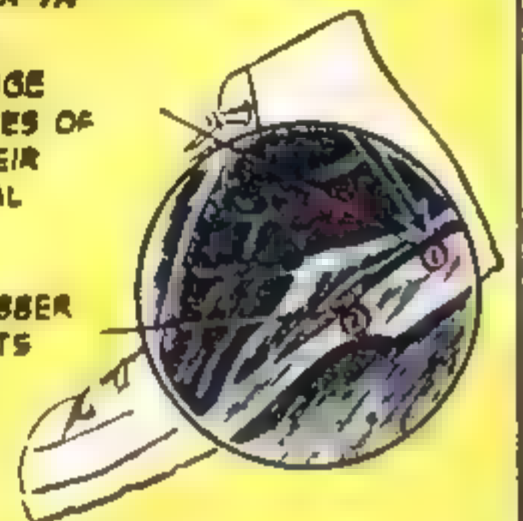
OCT.

FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER IN GYM WORK

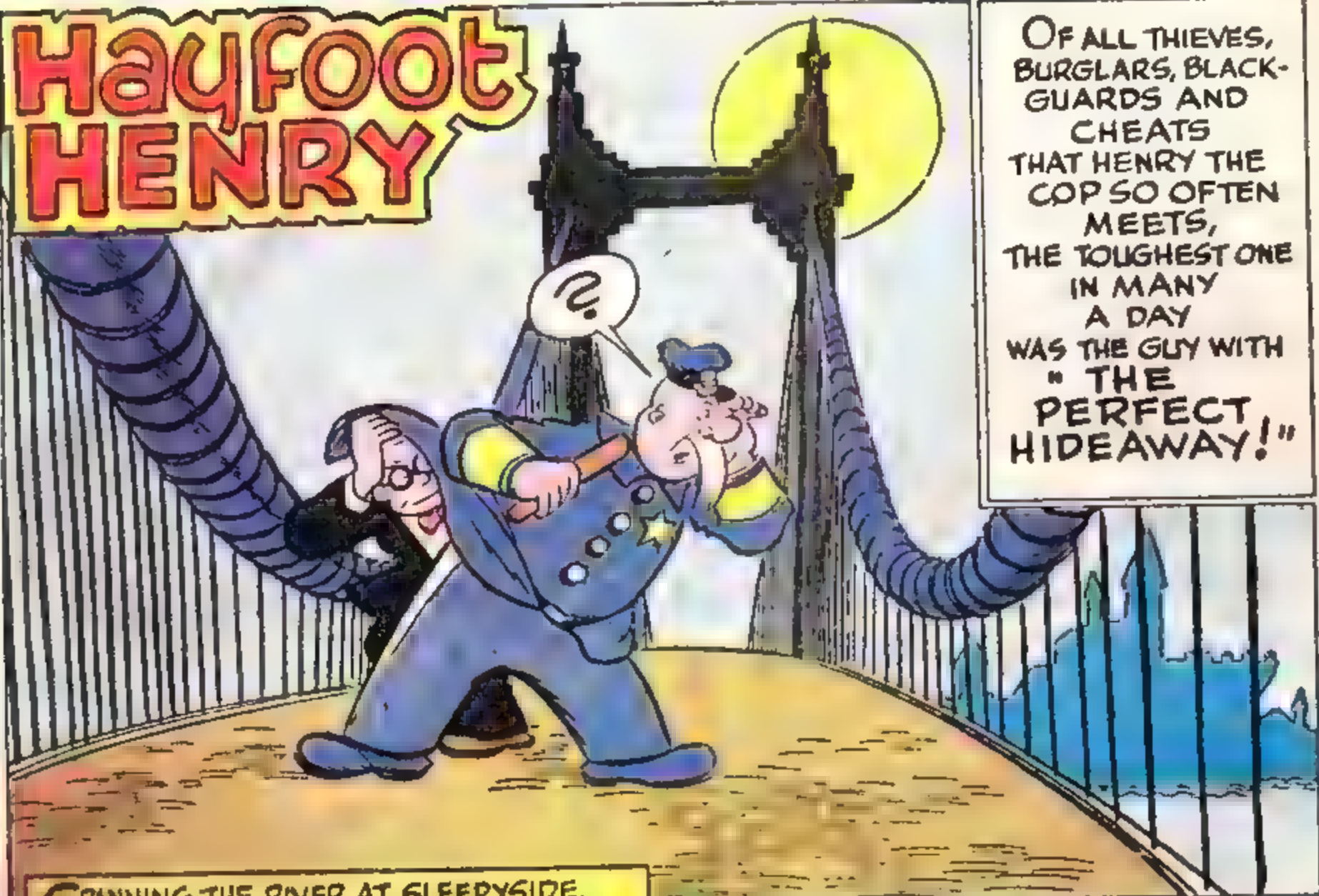
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION-- A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B.F. GOODRICH OR HOOD RUBBER CO.



Hayfoot Henry



OF ALL THIEVES, BURGLARS, BLACK-GUARDS AND CHEATS THAT HENRY THE COP SO OFTEN MEETS, THE TOUGHEST ONE IN MANY A DAY WAS THE GUY WITH "THE PERFECT HIDEAWAY!"

SPANNING THE RIVER AT SLEEPYSIDE, STANDS THE NOBLE DRUKLYN BRIDGE, ITS GRACEFUL GIRDERS VISIBLE FROM THE FARTHEST LOCAL RIDGE!

HALT, I TELL YOU, DON'T BE SO SELF-WILLED!

THE LITTLE FOOL! HE'S TRYIN' TO GET KILLED!

RAPID
TRANSIT
SCR-E-E-E

WHAT'S THE IDEA STOPPING ME? YOU TRYING TO BE DROLL?

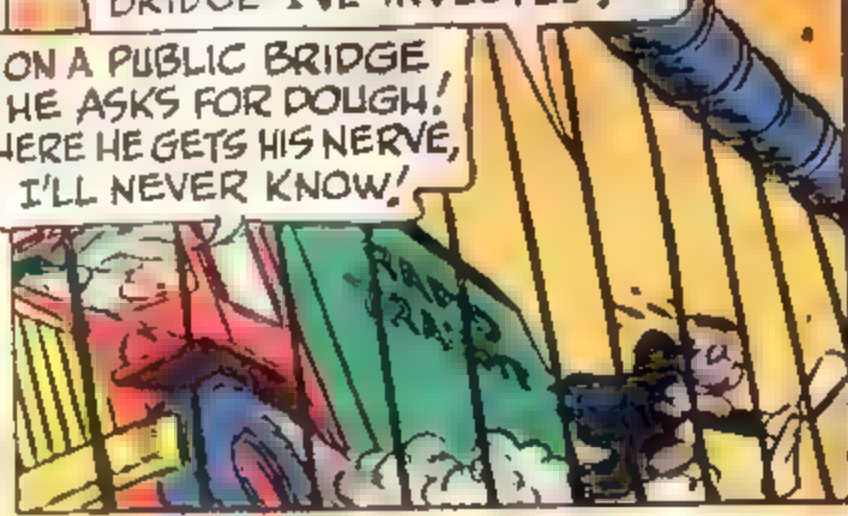
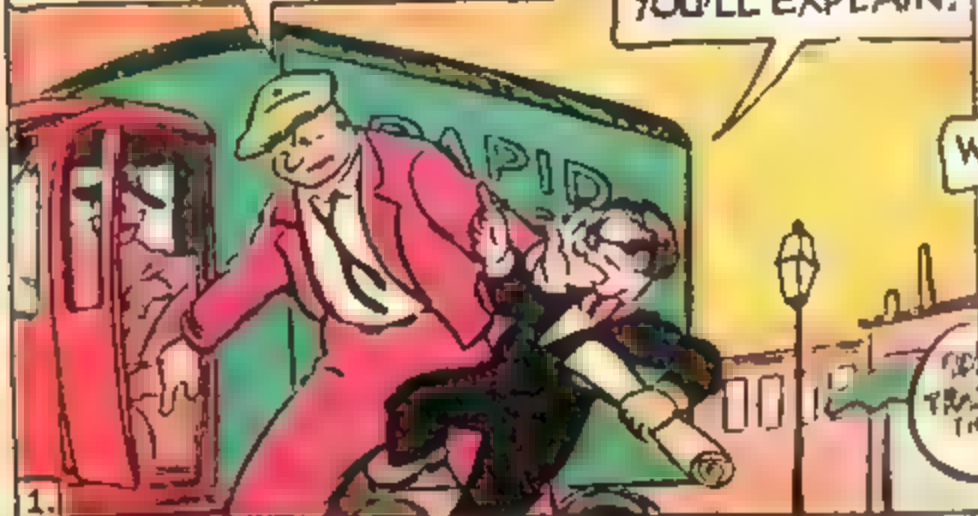
TRAFFIC ACROSS THE BRIDGE AIN'T FREE! YOU'VE GOT TO PAY A TOLL!

HUH? THERE AINT NO TOLL! YOU MUST BE INSANE!

PAY UP, I SAY, OR IN COURT YOU'LL EXPLAIN!

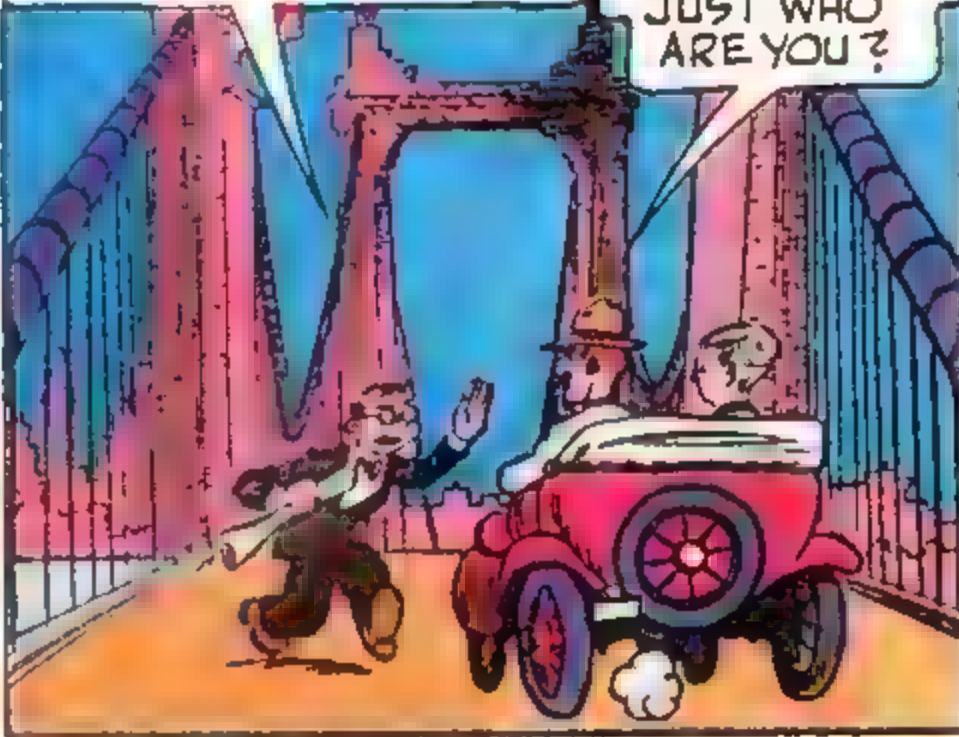
ROBBER! THIEF! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED! ONE THOUSAND CLAMS IN THIS BRIDGE I'VE INVESTED!

ON A PUBLIC BRIDGE HE ASKS FOR DOUGH! WHERE HE GETS HIS NERVE, I'LL NEVER KNOW!



ONE DOLLAR PLEASE OR
YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH!

AND—
MAY I ASK—
JUST WHO
ARE YOU?

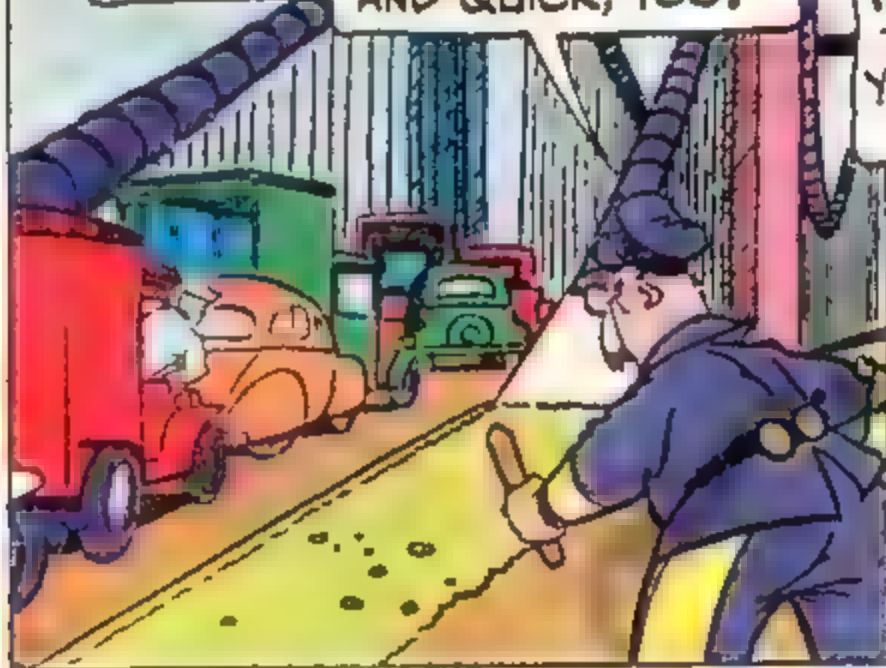


MEANWHILE, A BLOCK FROM THE
BRIDGE DEEP IN THOUGHT
WALKS HENRY THE COP,
VERY MUCH OVERWROUGHT!

MY RHYMING LEXICON'S
A BORE AND A TRIAL!
NO RHYME FOR "HOOLIGAN"
YET I'VE TRUDGED A MILE!



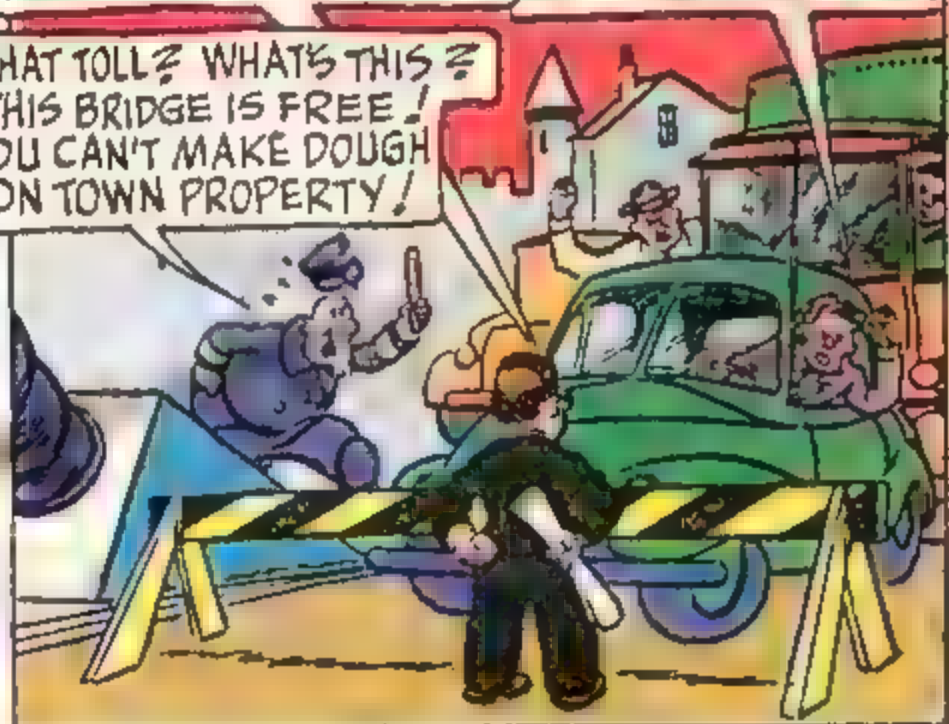
HUH—THE BRIDGE IS JAMMED!
THEY CAN'T GET THROUGH!
I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING
AND QUICK, TOO!



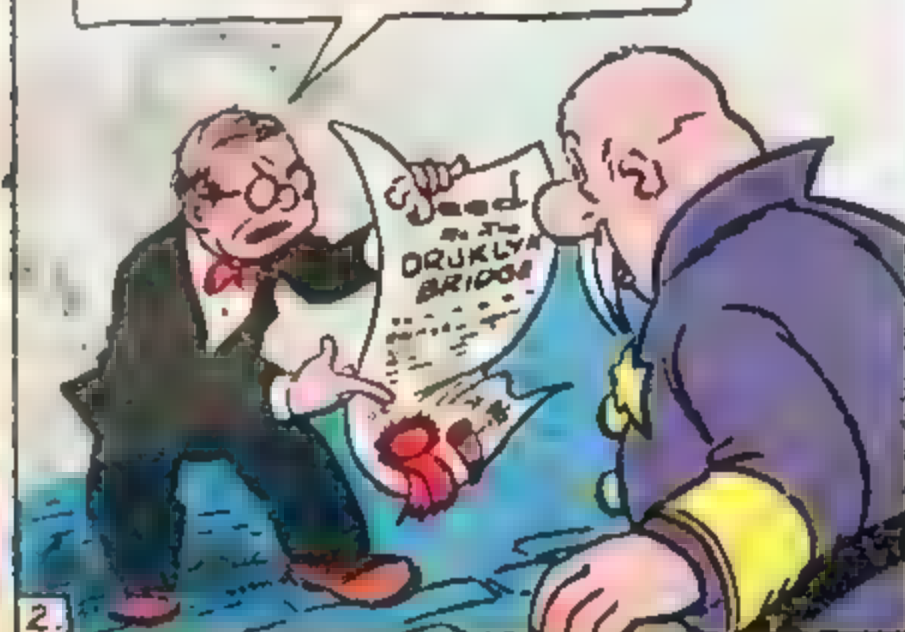
PAY THE TOLL OR SWIM--
AND I HOPE YOU DROWN!

OUT OF MY WAY
OR I'LL RUN YOU DOWN!

WHAT TOLL? WHAT'S THIS?
THIS BRIDGE IS FREE!
YOU CAN'T MAKE DOUGH
ON TOWN PROPERTY!

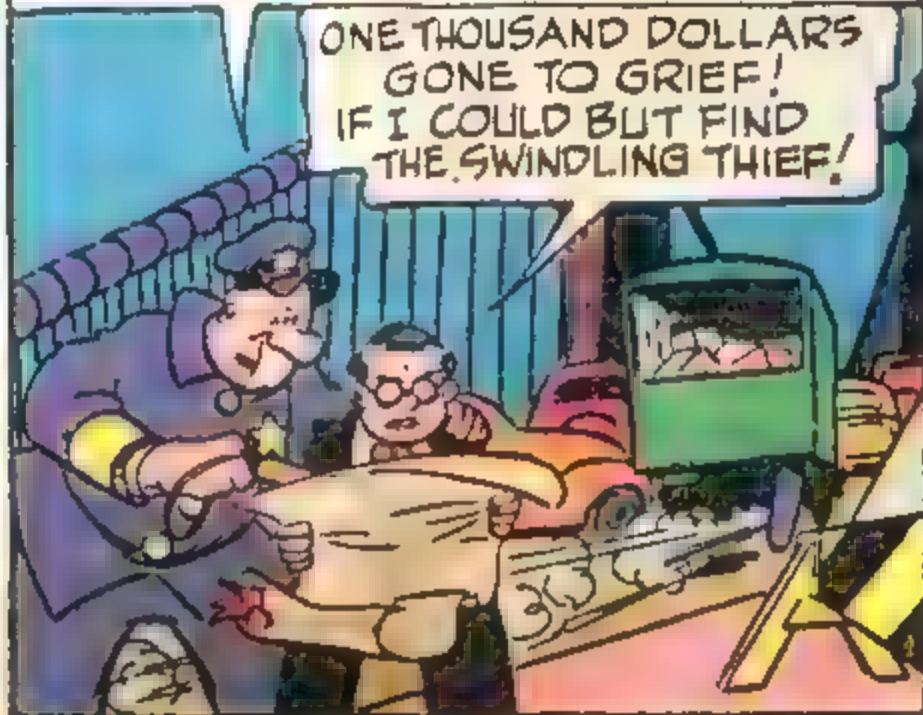


BUT I BOUGHT THIS BRIDGE—
HERE—CAN'T YOU READ?
I'M THE OWNER
ACCORDING TO THIS DEED!

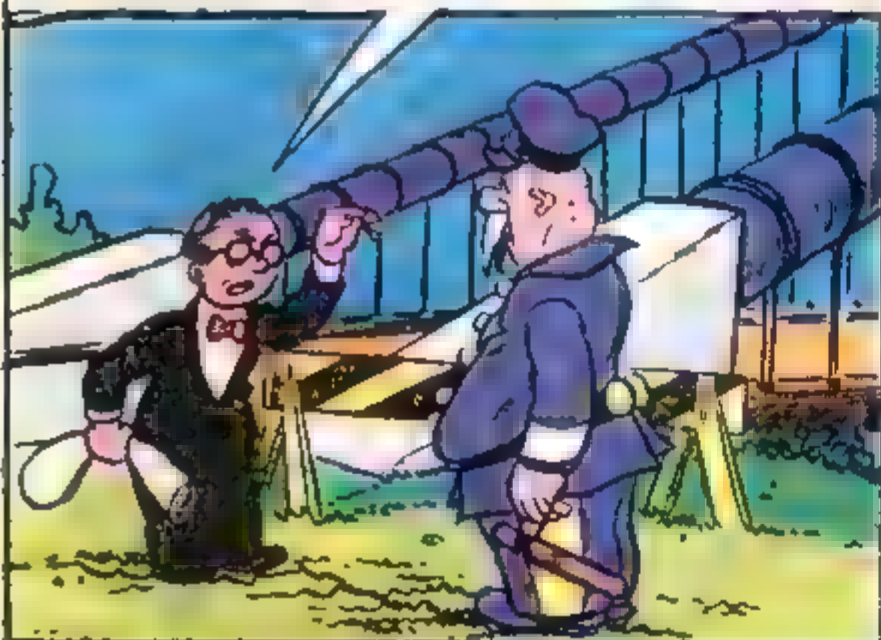


THIS DEED'S A FAKE, MY FOOLISH FRIEND!
TELL ME, HOW MUCH DID YOU ACTUALLY SPEND?

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
WENT TO GRIEF!
IF I COULD BUT FIND
THE SWINDLING THIEF!



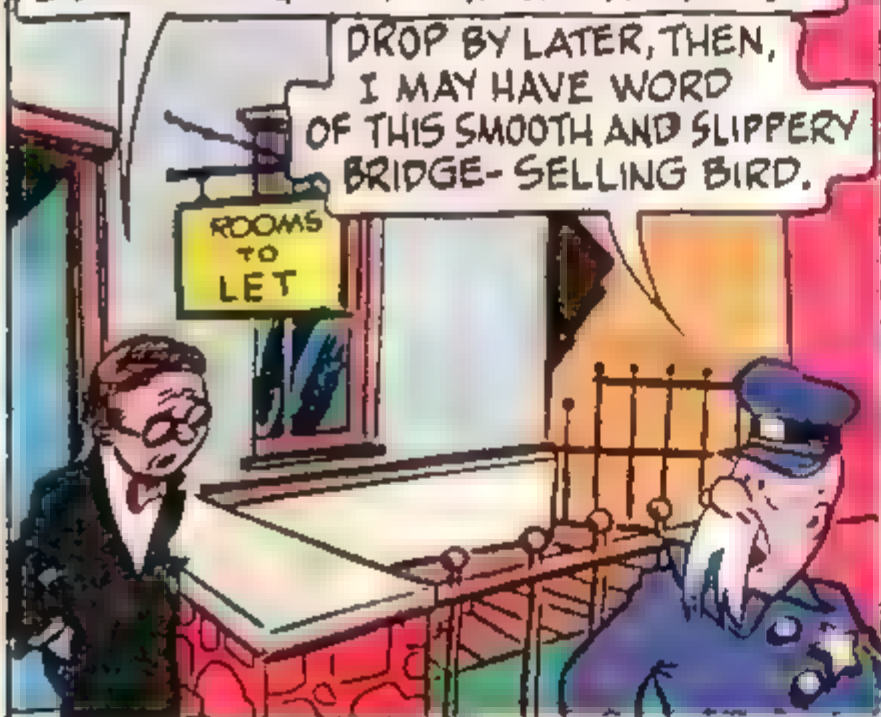
HE WAS A LITTLE MAN, SO HIGH,
WITH A DARK SUIT AND A SMALL BOW TIE,
GLASSES HE WORE, AND SLIGHTLY BALD,
AND WILKINS THE NAME BY WHICH HE WAS CALLED.



HIS DESCRIPTION I'LL BROADCAST ALL OVER THE LAND.
REST EASY, FRIEND, HE'LL SOON BE IN HAND.
ER-BY THE WAY-FOR "HOOLIGAN" A RHYME
WOULD GIVE ME MORE TIME TO SOLVE THIS CRIME!



WITH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS GONE UP THE FLUE,
I DON'T FEEL QUITE AS LYRICAL AS YOU!



DROP BY LATER, THEN,
I MAY HAVE WORD
OF THIS SMOOTH AND SLIPPERY
BRIDGE-SELLING BIRD.

THE POOR SAP SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED.
HM... A LITTLE MAN, SO HIGH, HE SAID...

HENRY, ALAS-
I'VE BEEN VERY RASH.
I'VE JUST BEEN SWINDLED
OF A FORTUNE IN CASH!

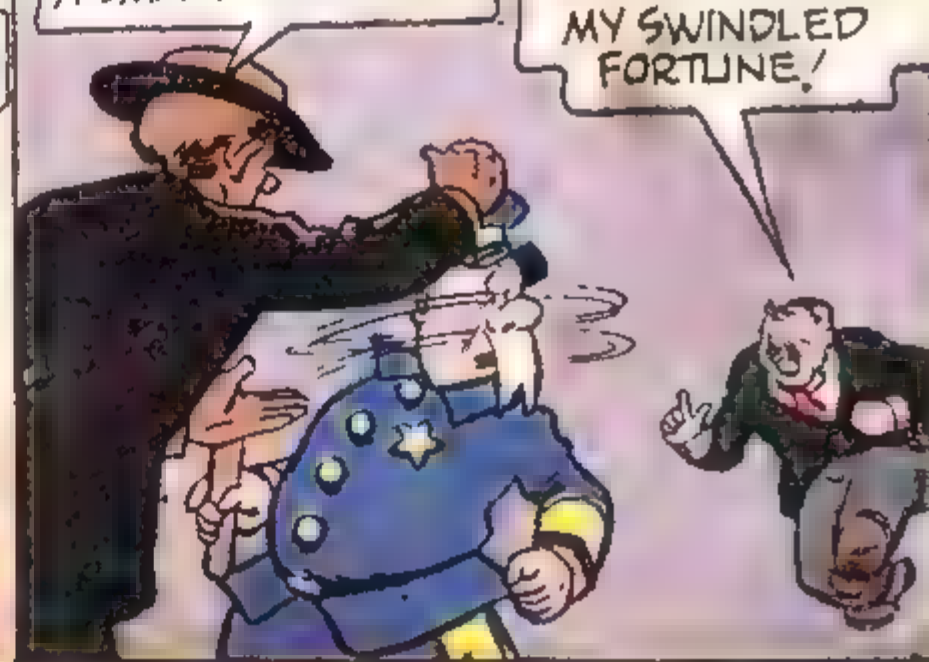


A CONFIDENCE MAN
WITH A LINE OF BALONEY
SOLD ME BONDS THAT
TURN OUT TO BE PHONEY!



WHAT-
YOU, TOO?
IT'S REALLY
CONTAGIOUS!
SO MANY FOOLS,
I'VE NOT SEEN IN AGES!

HE WAS A LITTLE MAN,
SO HIGH-
WITH A DARK SUIT AND
A SMALL BOW TIE...



HENRY-YOUR AID
I MUST
IMPORTUNE
TO HELP RESTORE
MY SWINDLED
FORTUNE!

A LITTLE MAN ABOUT SO HIGH--
SHREWDLY PERSUADED ME TO BUY
THE GOLDEN SECRET OF A FAMED ALCHEMIST
WHOM I JUST LEARNED DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!



I JUST BOUGHT A LOT FOR TWENTY-FIVE G'S
AND FOUND IT LOCATED ON THE HIGH SEAS!



IF ONLY MY RHYME FOR
"HOOLIGAN" WERE CINCHED,
THIS HALF PINT SWINDLER
SOON WOULD BE PINCHED!

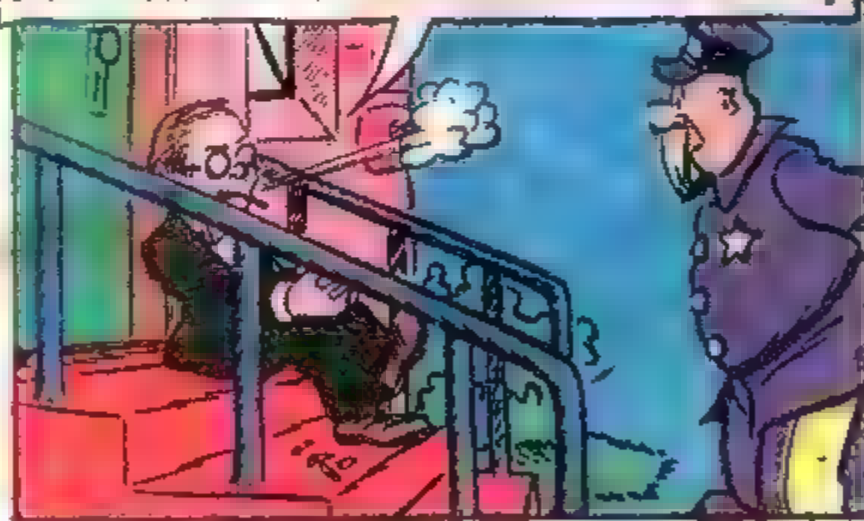
HELP ME WITH MY RHYME SO I CAN HELP YOU.
"HOOLIGAN'S" NOT HARD BUT MY
BRAIN FEELS LIKE GLUE!

AT SUCH A TIME, CAN
WE THINK OF VERSES
WHEN WE'RE ALL GRIEVING
OVER OUR PURSES?



RETURNING HOME, HEARTSICK AND SORE,
HENRY FINDS SOMEONE WAITING AT HIS DOOR!

I DROPPED AROUND AS YOU SUGGESTED.
THE VILLAIN, I TRUST, HAS BEEN ARRESTED.
IF NOT, MAY I STAY IN YOUR ROOM FOR A TIME?
I'VE NARY A CENT BECAUSE OF THIS CRIME!



I CAN'T REFUSE. RESPONSIBILITY'S MINE!
YOU'RE WELCOME HERE TILL I SOLVE THIS CRIME.

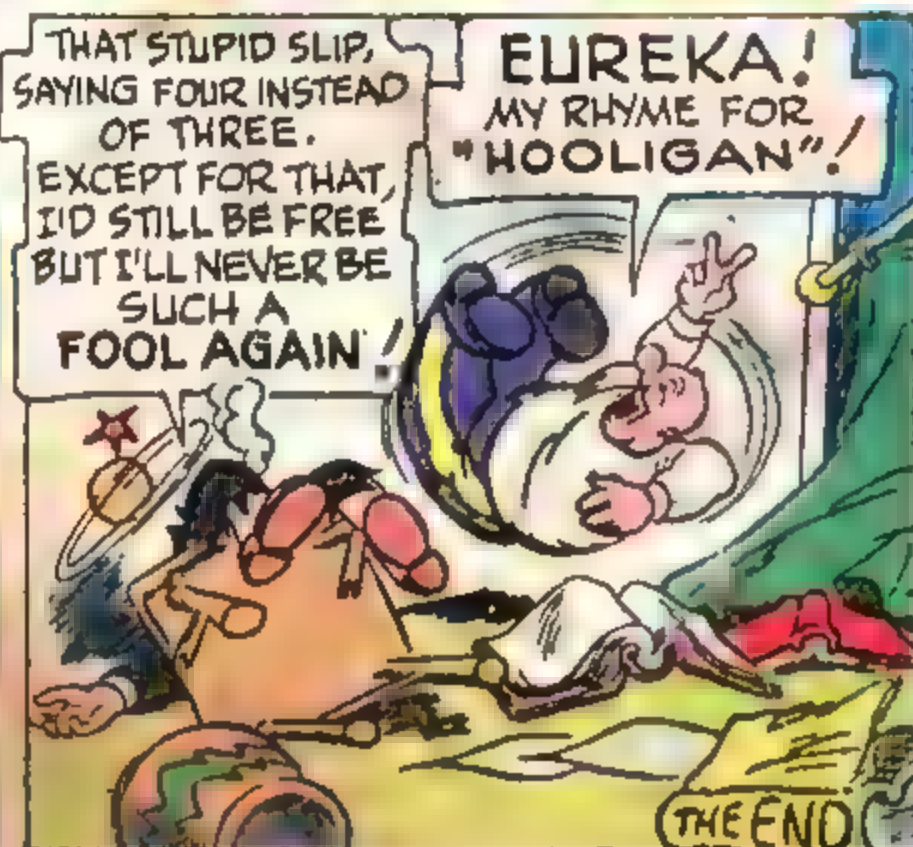
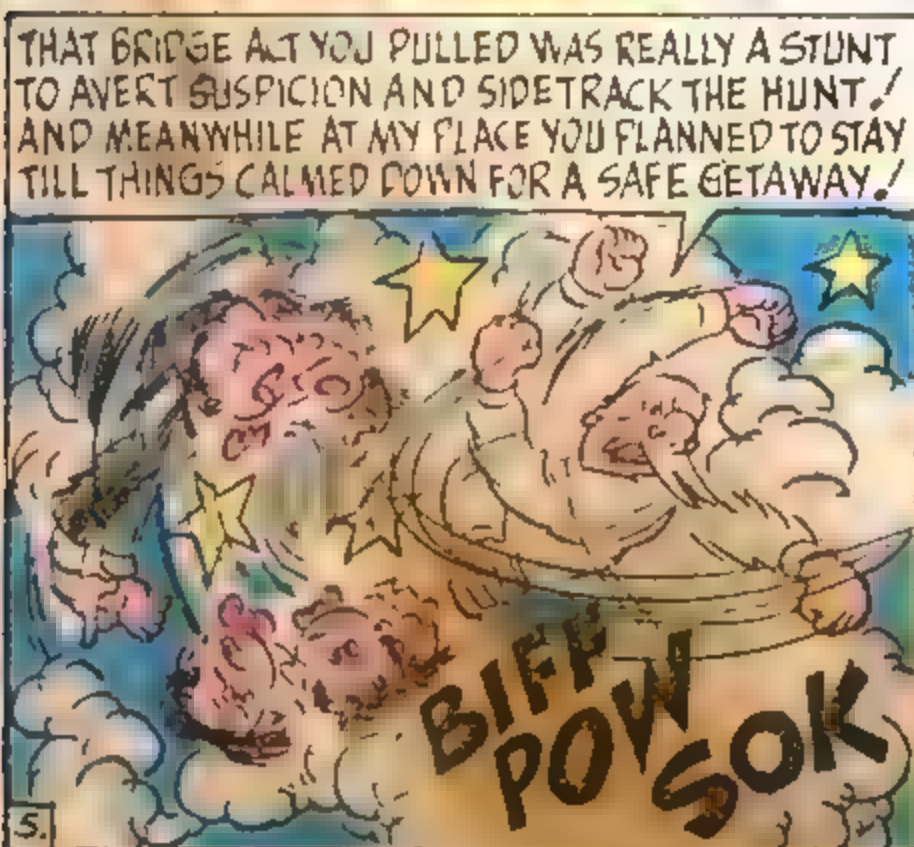
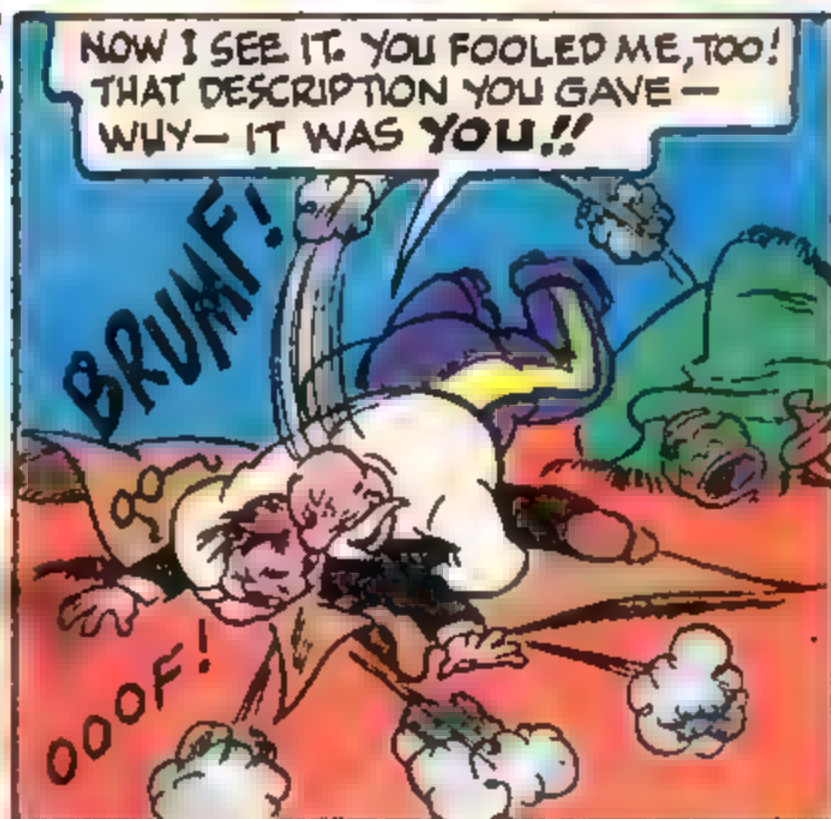
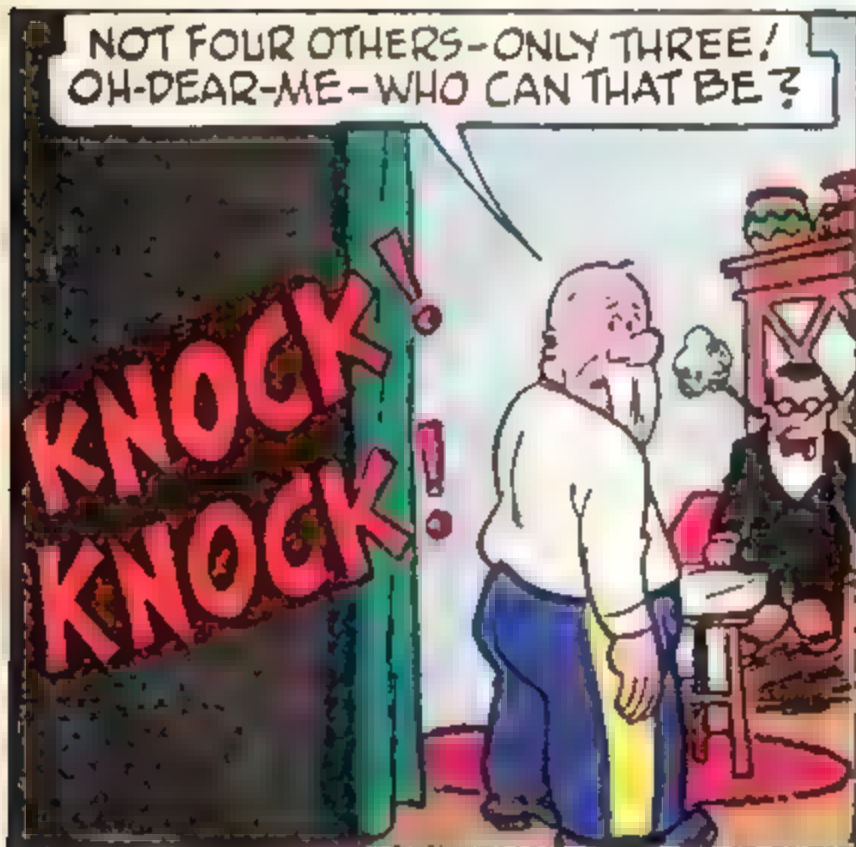
THANKS, OLD BOY,
FOR BEING SO KIND.
FELLOWS LIKE YOU
ARE HARD TO FIND.



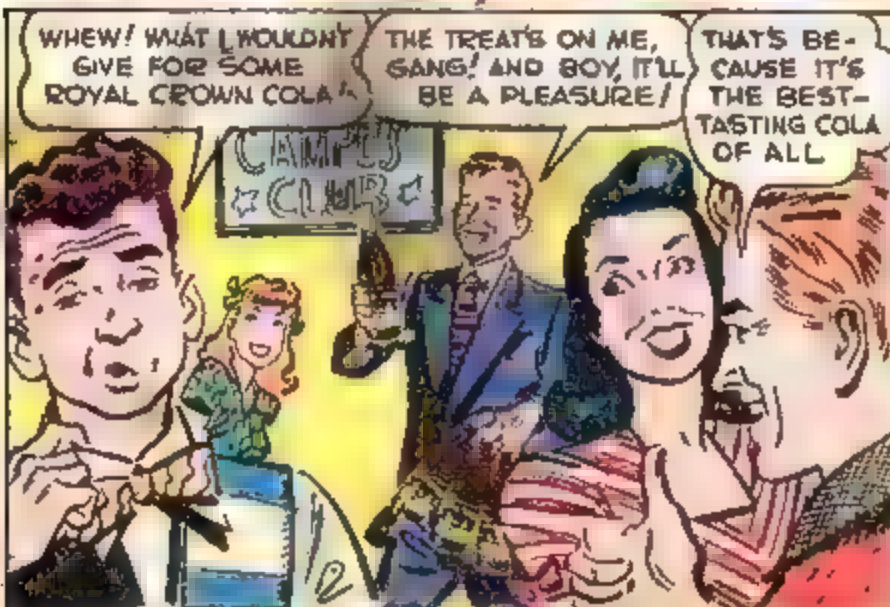
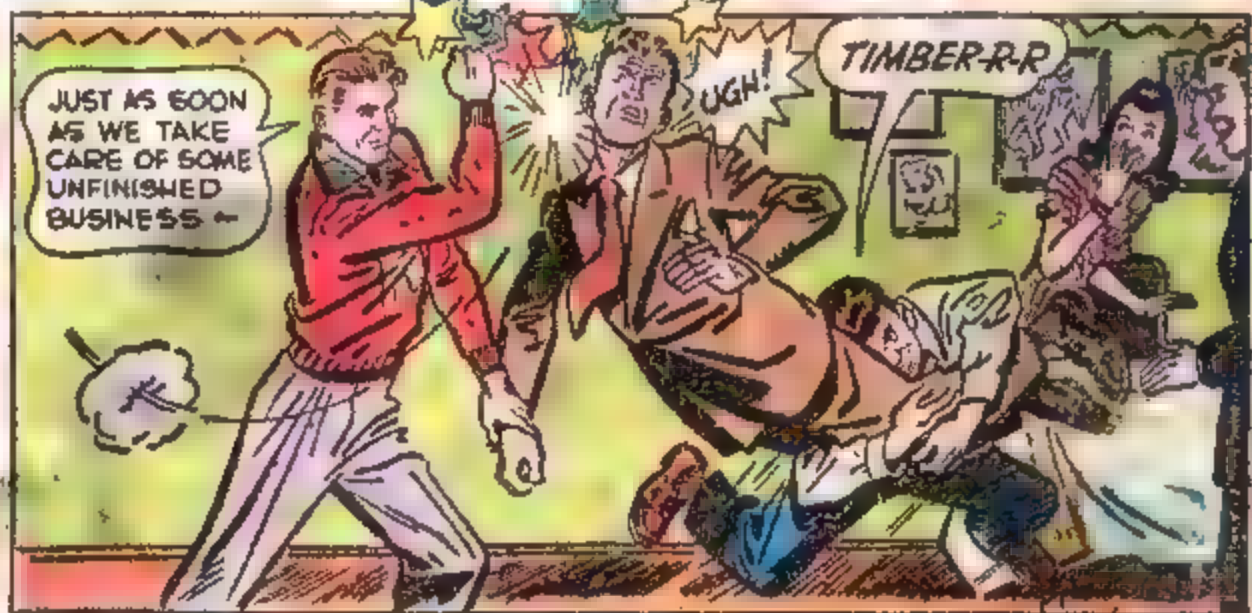
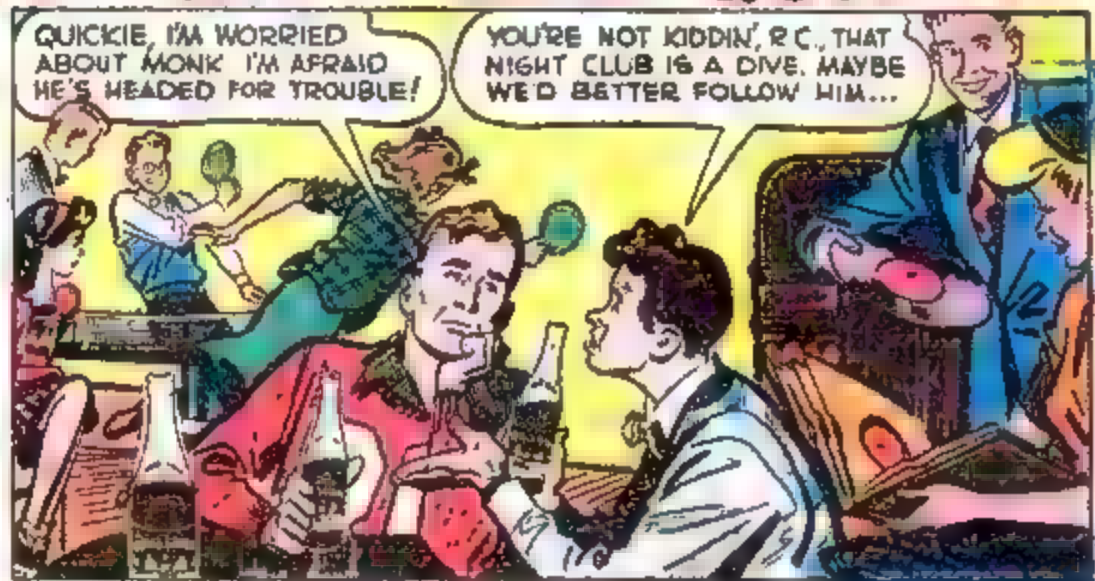
A LITTLE GUY--BOW TIE, DARKISH DRESS...
HE MUST LOOK A BIT LIKE YOU, I GUESS.

A LITTLE BIT,
BUT I'M NOT SO TALL.
SO HE SWINDLED FOUR OTHERS!
NOT A BAD HAUL.





ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



VIGILANTE



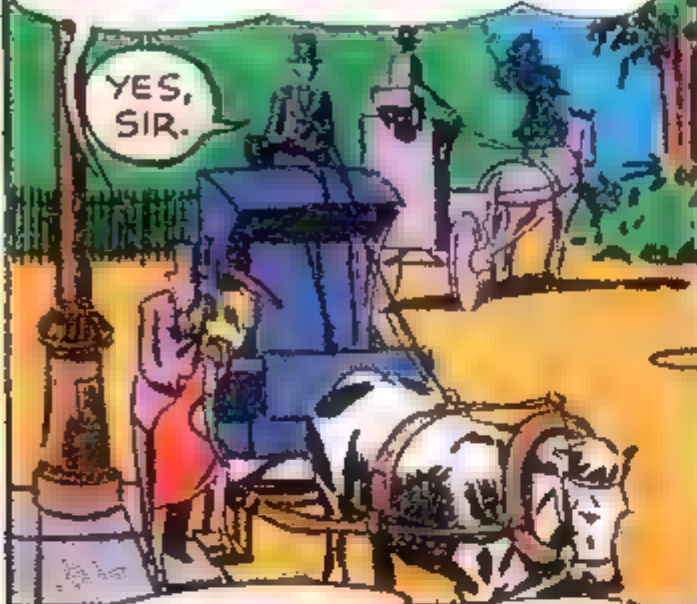
WHEN THAT
WALLOPING WADDY,
THE VIGILANTE, RUNS
ACROSS A TYPICAL WILD
WEST HOLDUP IN A MODERN
METROPOLIS OF THE TAME EAST...
HE PICKS UP A TRAIL THAT LEADS
STRAIGHT TO THE DANGER OF
DEATH! AND ONLY HIS WESTERN
WITS AND WEAPONS CAN WARD
OFF THE PERIL THAT THREATENS
FROM TWENTIETH CENTURY ROAD
AGENTS...

*"When East Goes
West!"*

A BUSTLING CITY RETAINS RELICS OF ITS AUTO-LESS DAYS... AS WITNESS THIS ANCIENT HANSOM CAB...

THROUGH THE PARK, DRIVER... WE'LL OBSERVE THE SCENERY AT OUR LEISURE!

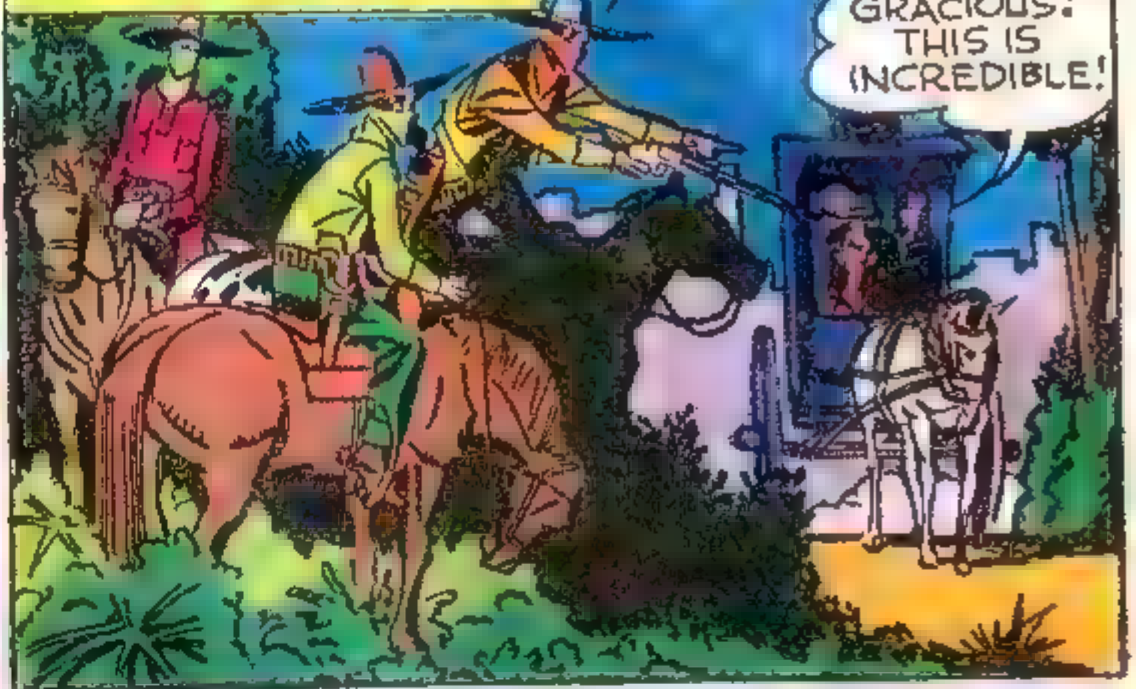
YES, SIR.



BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE OLD-FASHIONED VEHICLE SWINGS AROUND A BEND IN THE PARK...

WHOA, THERE, MISTER! REACH FER THE SKY!

GRACIOUS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

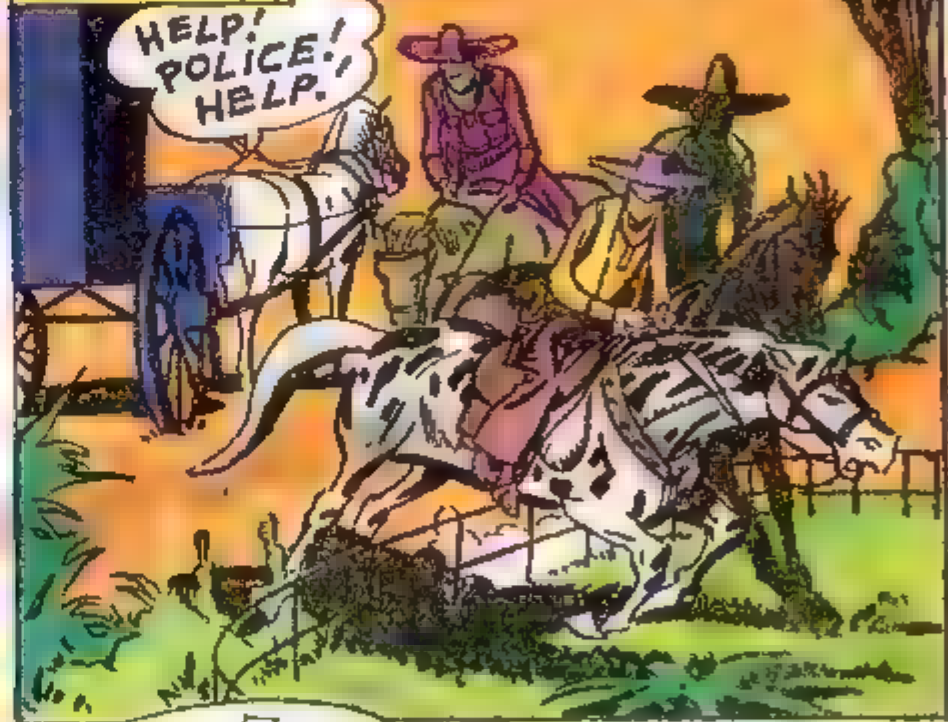


BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, MA'AM... THIS AIN'T NO JOKE, IT'S A STAGECOACH HOLDUP! HAND OVER YORE JEWELS!



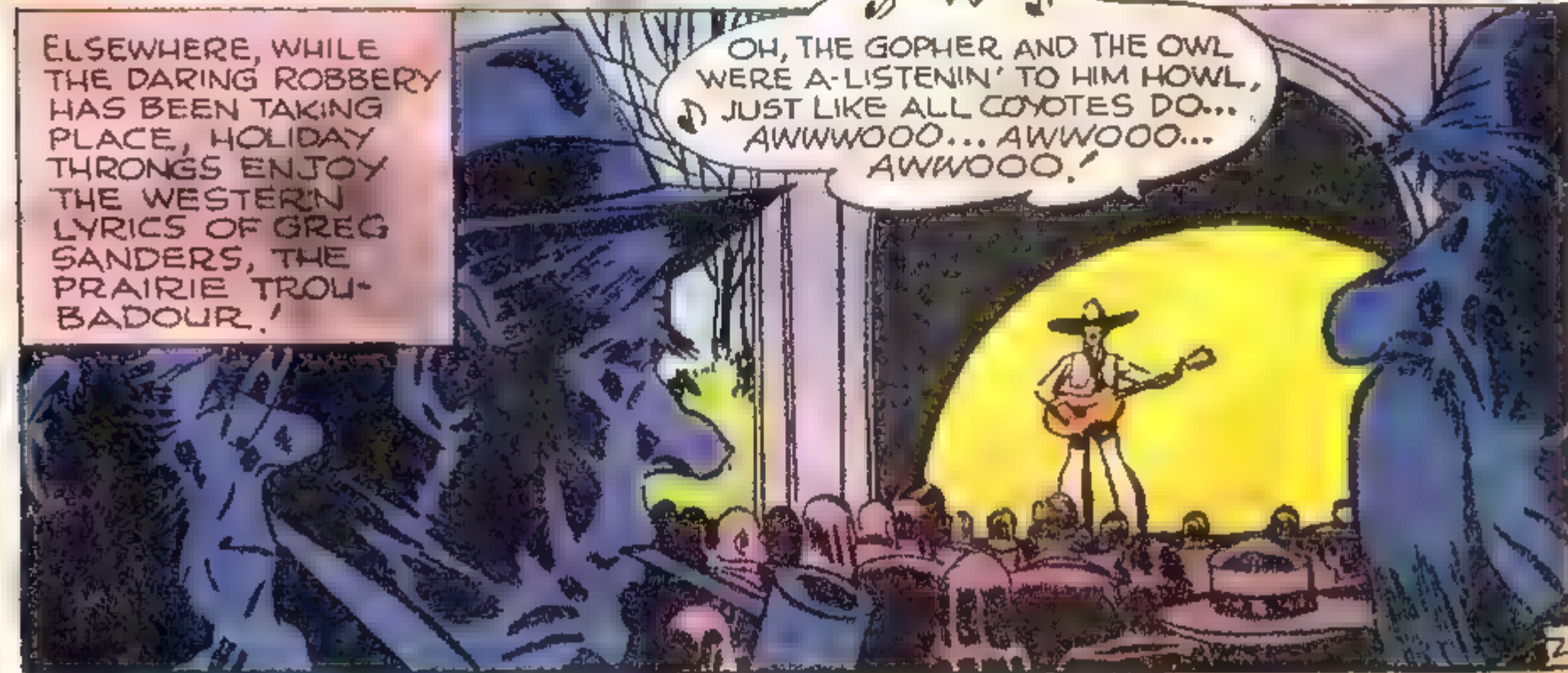
SECONDS LATER, WITH THE LOOT IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE BANDITS HEAD FOR SAFETY...

HELP! POLICE! HELP!



ELSEWHERE, WHILE THE DARING ROBBERY HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE, HOLIDAY THROGS ENJOY THE WESTERN LYRICS OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROU-BADOUR!

OH, THE GOPHER AND THE OWL WERE A-LISTENIN' TO HIM HOWL, JUST LIKE ALL COYOTES DO... AWWWO... AWWWO... AWWWO!



BUT AS THE SINGING ENDS, AND GREG JOINS HIS PAL, STUFF, THE CHINA-TOWN KID...

HELP!

SOUNDS LIKE A CALL FOR THE VIGILANTE, STUFF!

NICE GOIN' WITH THE GARGLIN! GREG ... SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

A LIGHTNING CHANGE... AND GREG SANDERS BECOMES THE VIGILANTE, WESTERN WADDY WHO IS THE SCOURGE OF EVILDOERS! SECONDS LATER ON A PREVIOUSLY HIDDEN MECHANICAL STEED...

GOSH, WHOEVER'S YELLING SURE SOUNDS EXCITED, VIG!

HELP! POLICE!

THE VIGILANTE! YUH'RE FLIRTIN' WITH DEATH FOLLERIN' US, YA VARMINT!

HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO YELL ABOUT, PARDNER! LOOK! ROAD AGENTS!

HE AIN'T JOKIN'! I COULD FEEL THE WIND OF THAT ONE!

CRACK!

DON'T WORRY, STUFF! THAT HOMBRE'S WIND WON'T HURT YOU!

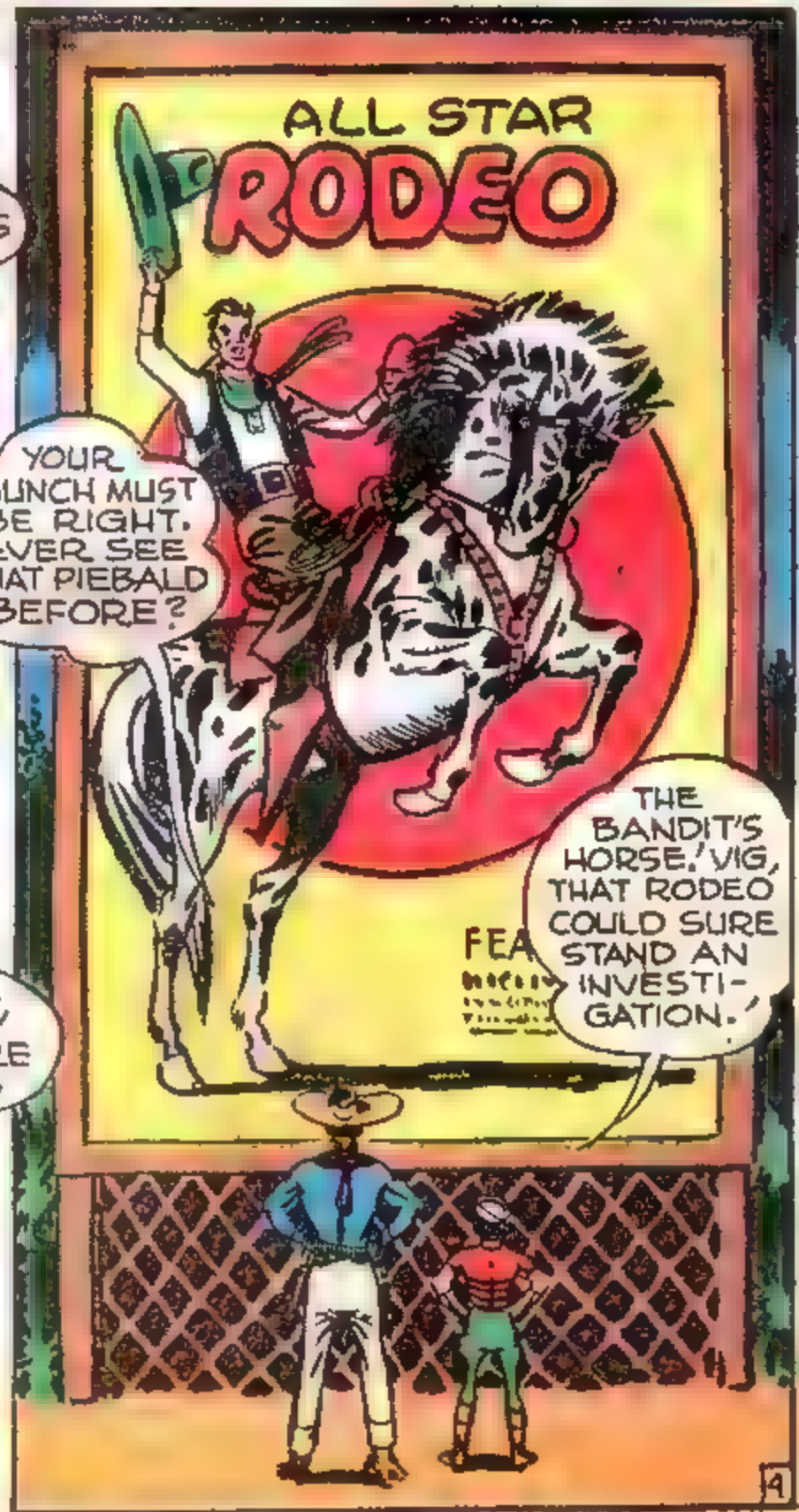
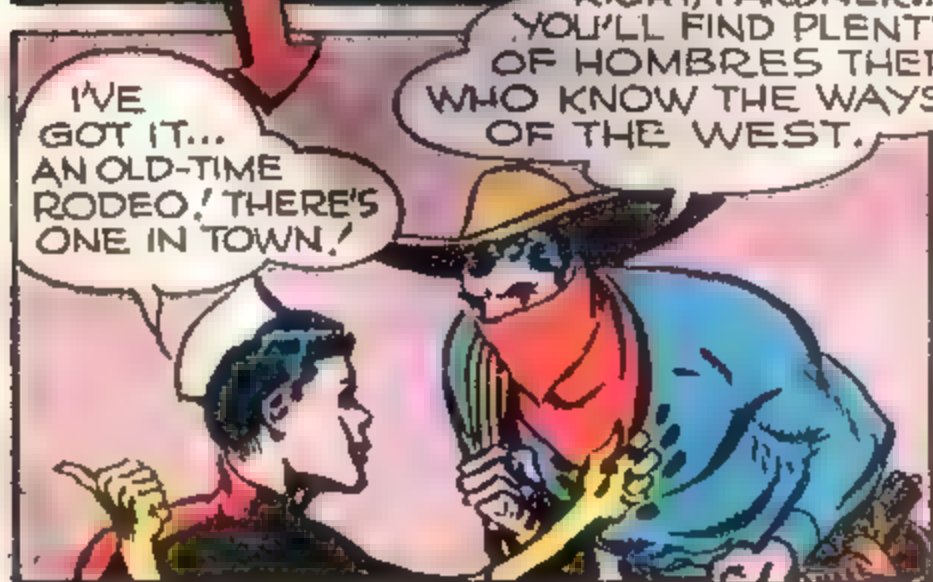
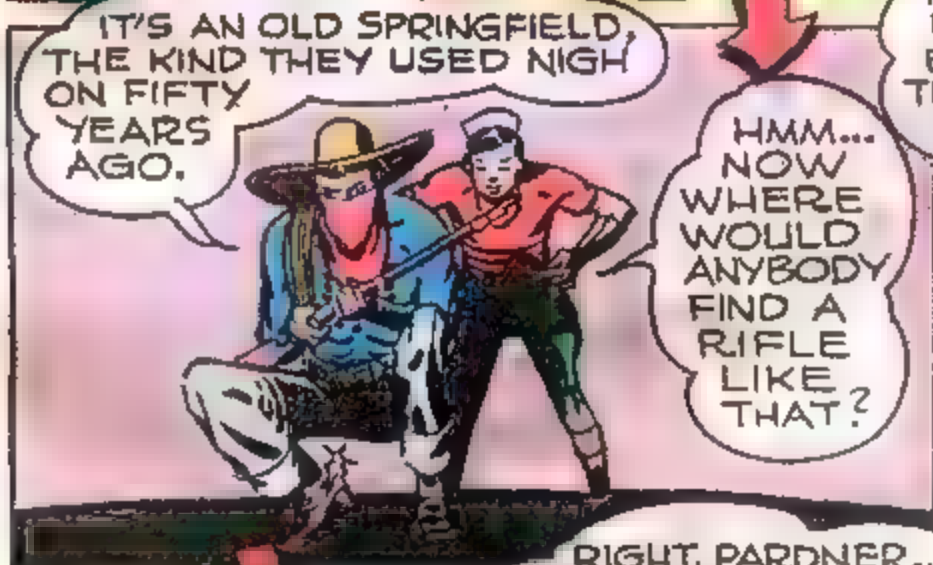
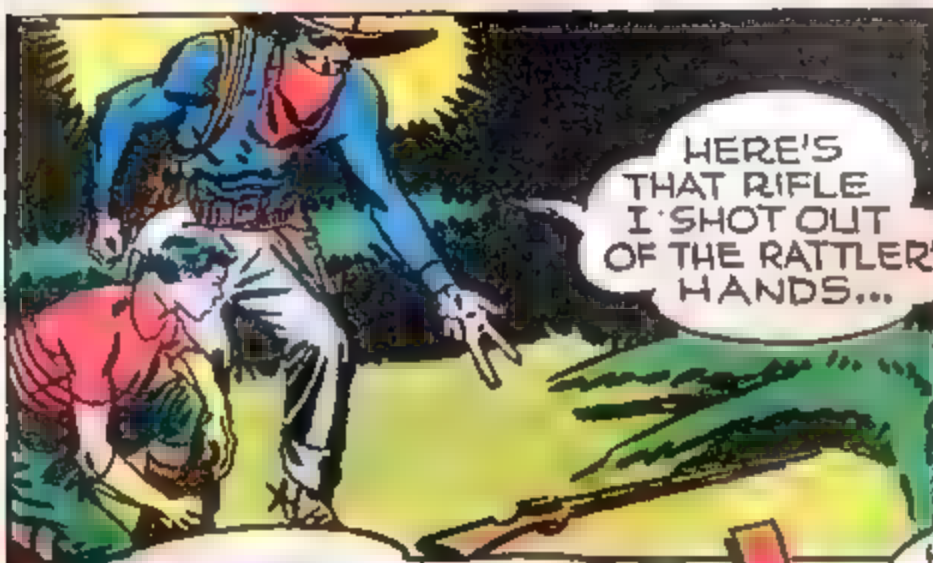
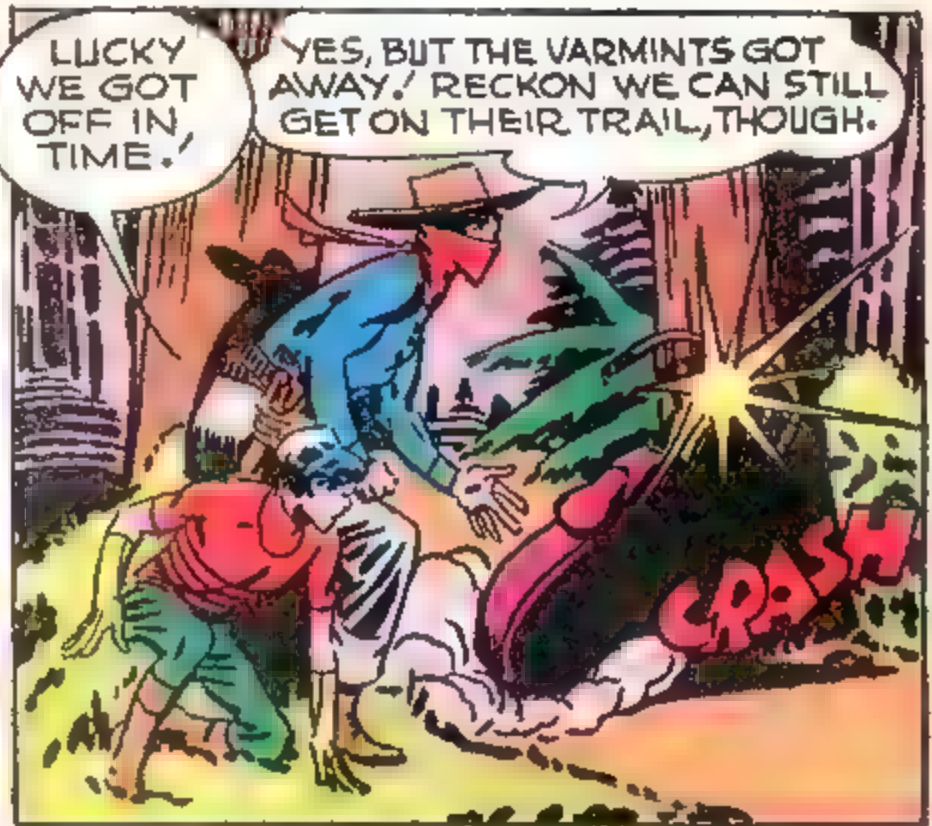
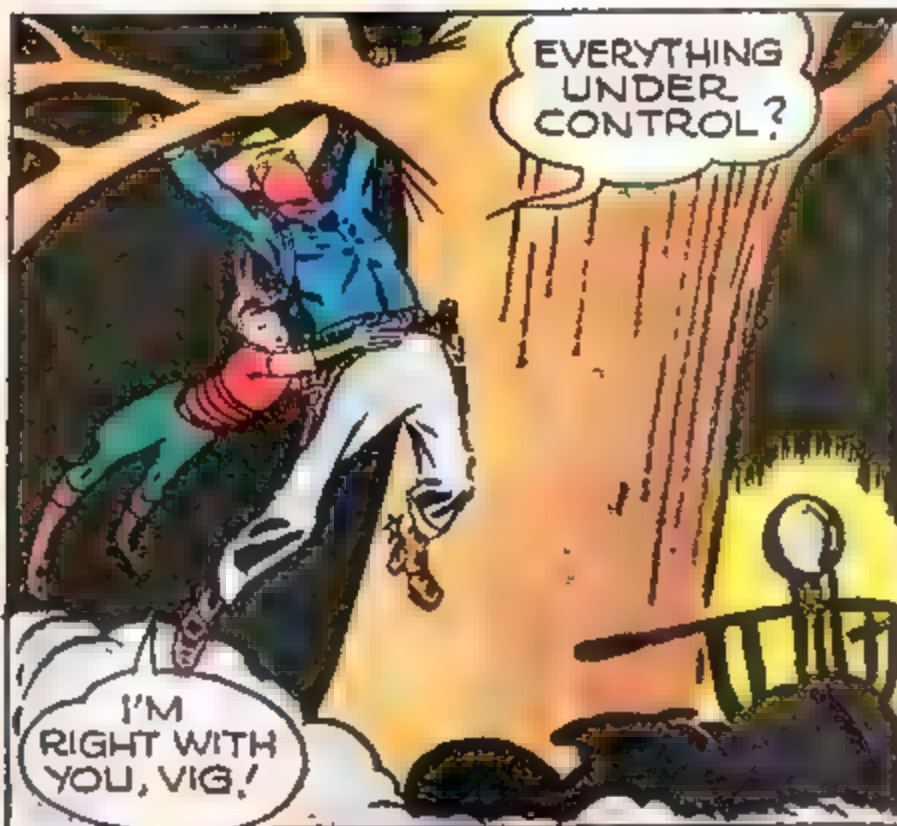
YIII... HE ALMOST HIT MY HAND!

CRACK!

BUT AS THE AVENGING VIGILANTE CLOSES IN...

THEY BLEW OUT THE TIRE! GET READY FOR SOME FAST ACTION, PARDNER, BEFORE WE CRASH!

BOOM!



AND SO, PRESENTLY, A DISGUISED WESTERN WADDY GOES JOB-HUNTING...

STRANGER, I'M LOOKIN' FER A JOE WITH THIS HERE OUTFIT. I KIN RIDE AND ROPE RIGHT SMART.

HUH... A COWBOY WEARIN' CHEATERS?

COME ON OVER HERE, CARSTAIRS... LOOK WHAT'S ASKIN' TO GET INTO THE RODEO!

IXNAY, PAL. AS YOUR PRESS AGENT I ADVISE AGAINST IT! EVERYBODY'D GIVE US THE RAZZ-BERRY!

WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO TURN A WADDY DOWN COLD... I'LL GIVE 'IM A CHANCE FIRST TO SHOW WHAT HE KIN DO.

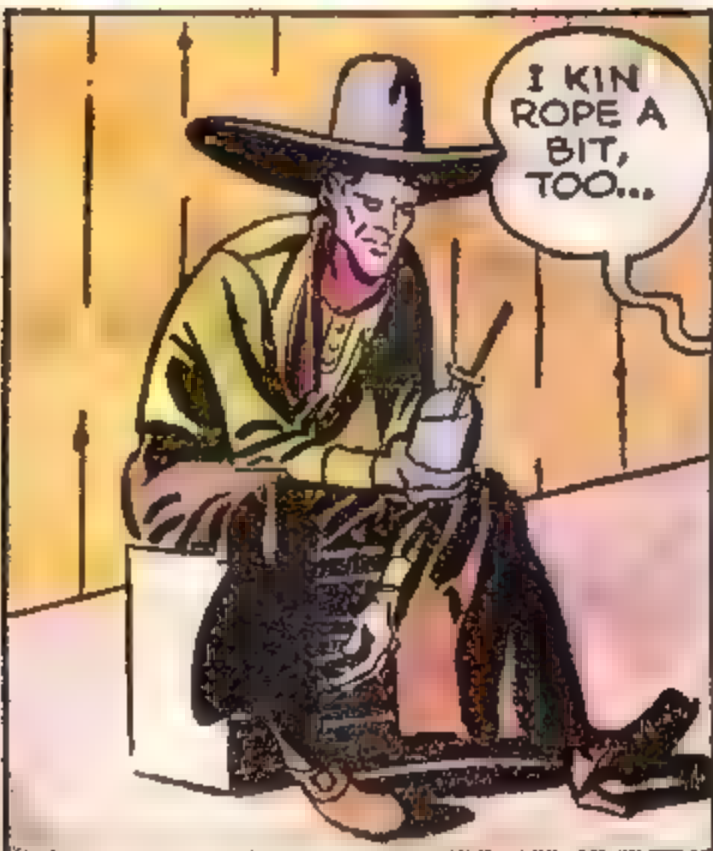
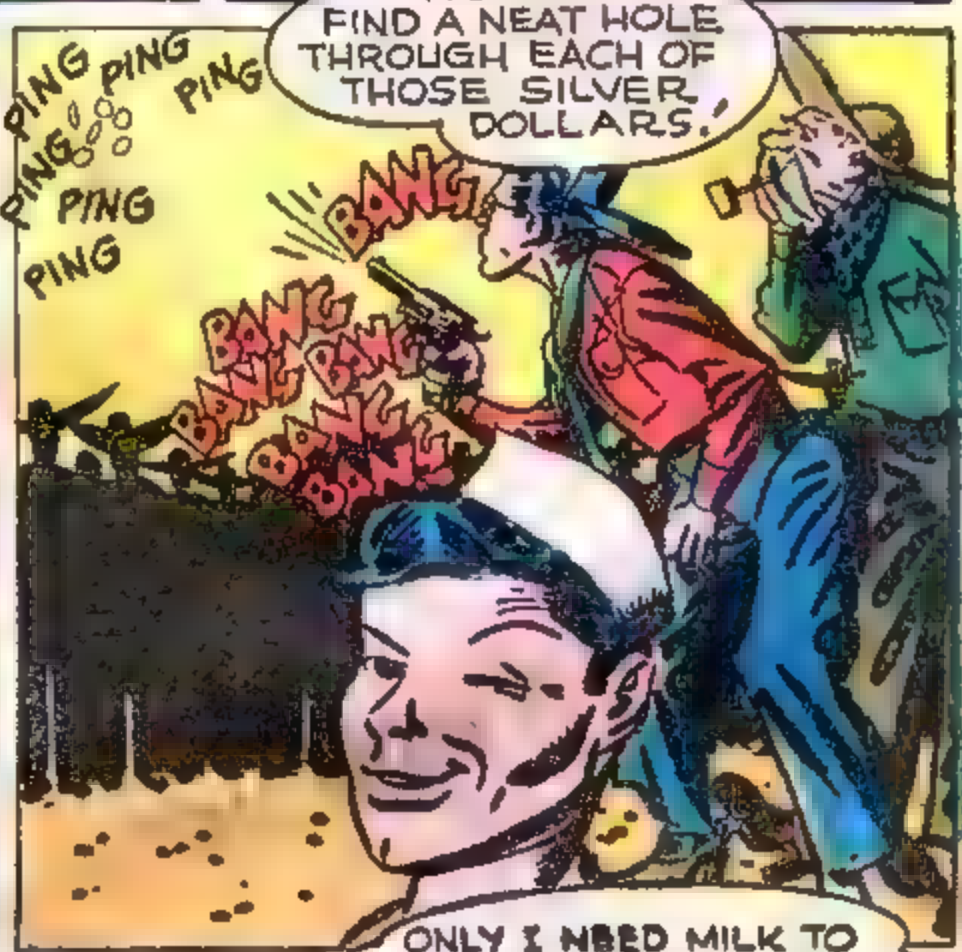
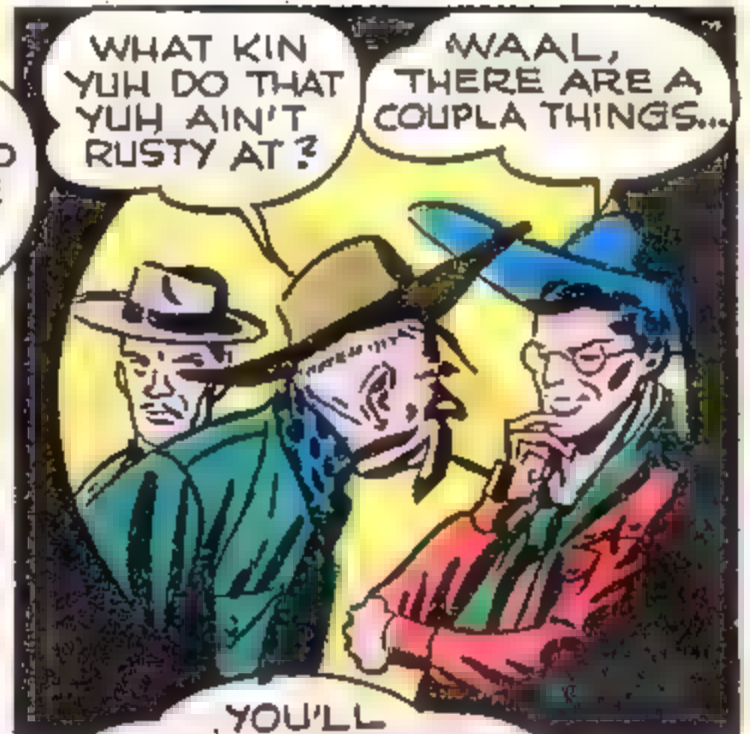
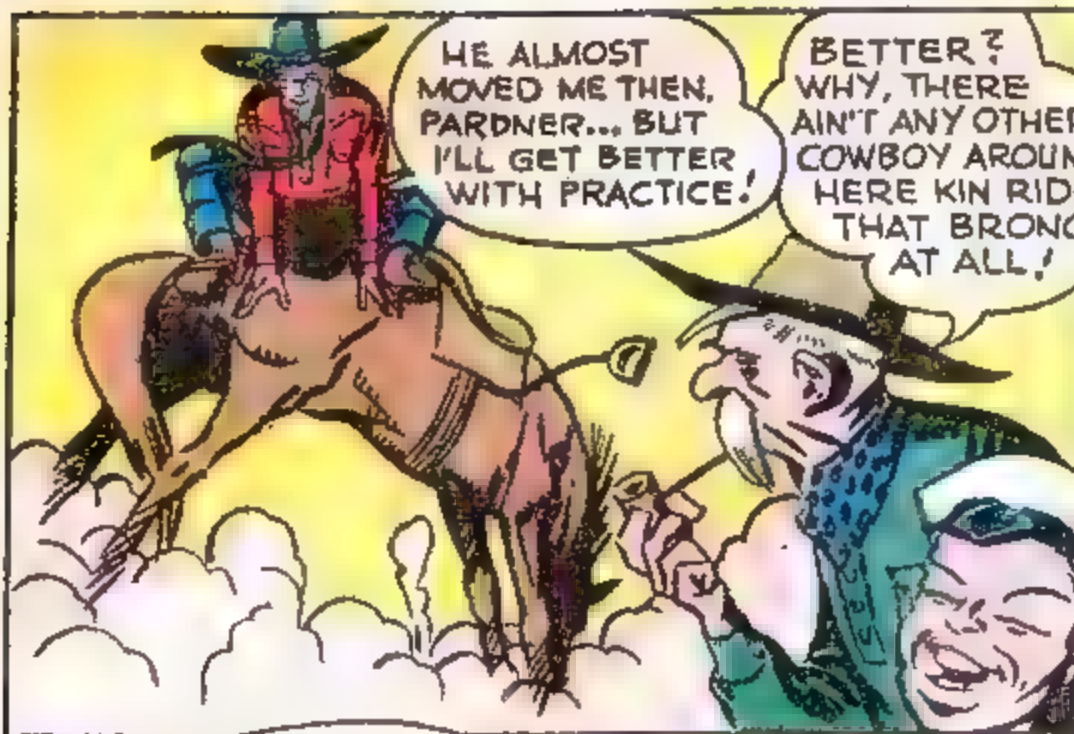
TRY RIDIN' THAT BRONCO, AMIGO... THAT'LL SHOW ME WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE FIT TO JOIN US!

THAT'S A FAIR AND SQUARE TEST!

AND SO...

EASY THERE, OLD HOSS, EASY...

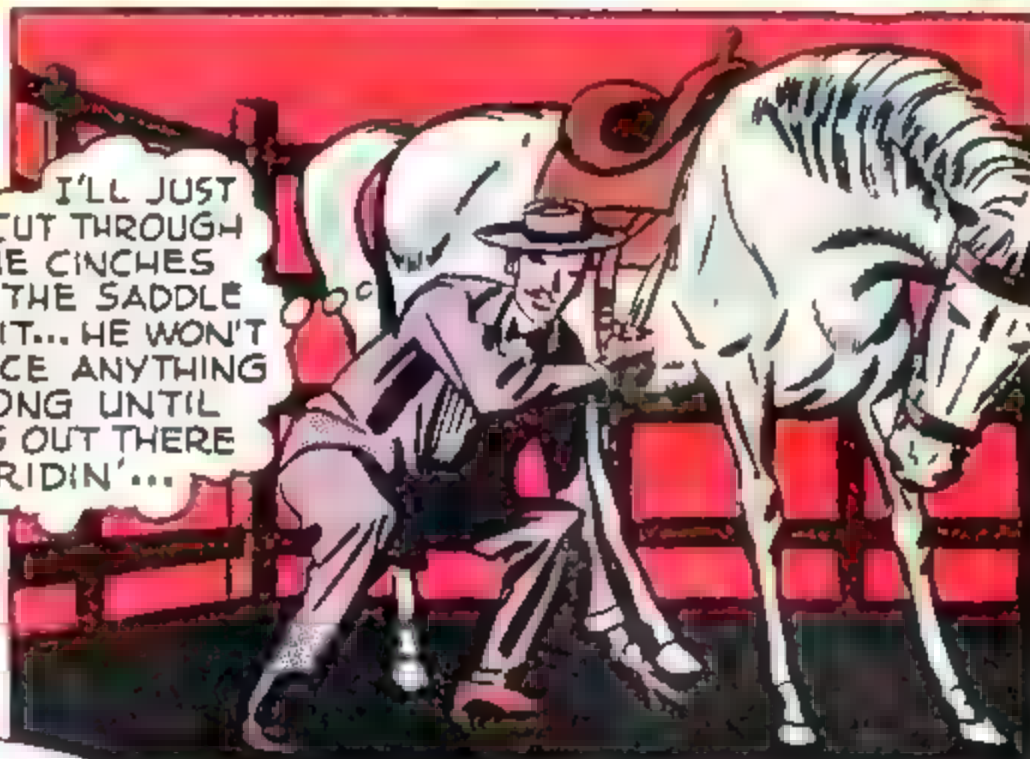
YUH CAN'T THROW ME, PAL, AND THE SOONER YUH MAKE UP YORE MIND TO IT, THE BETTER.



BUT AS THE VIGILANTE PREPARES FOR THE AFTERNOON'S PERFORMANCE, A PENSIVE PRESS AGENT SHREWDLY PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER...

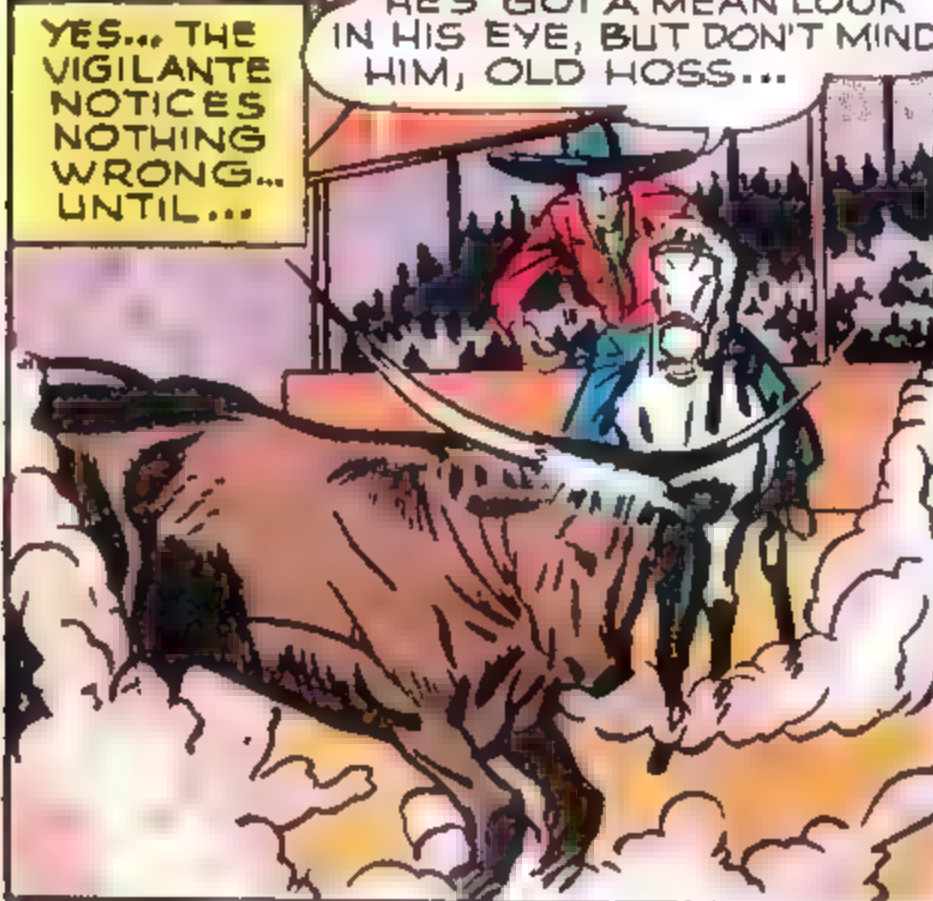
ONLY ONE MAN CAN RIDE, SHOOT AND LASSO LIKE THAT... THE VIGILANTE. HE MUST HAVE TRAILED ME HERE FROM THE PARK!

I'LL JUST CUT THROUGH THE CINCHES OF THE SADDLE A BIT... HE WON'T NOTICE ANYTHING WRONG UNTIL HE'S OUT THERE RIDIN'...



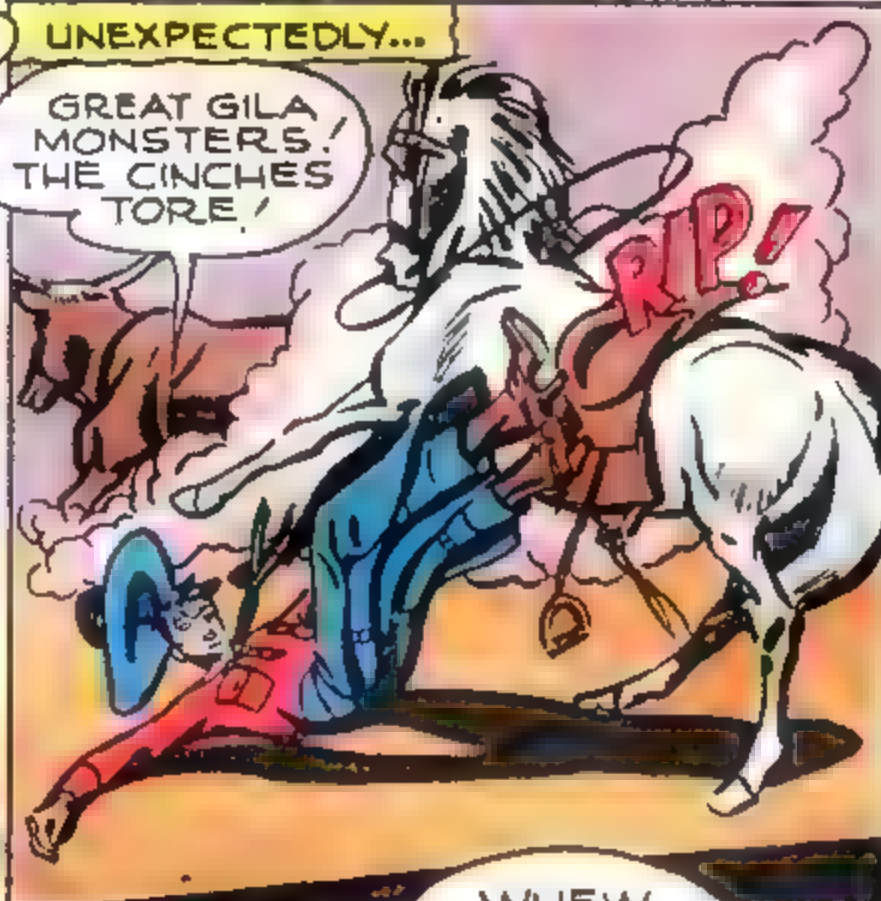
YES... THE VIGILANTE NOTICES NOTHING WRONG... UNTIL...

HE'S GOT A MEAN LOOK IN HIS EYE, BUT DON'T MIND HIM, OLD HOSS...



UNEXPECTEDLY...

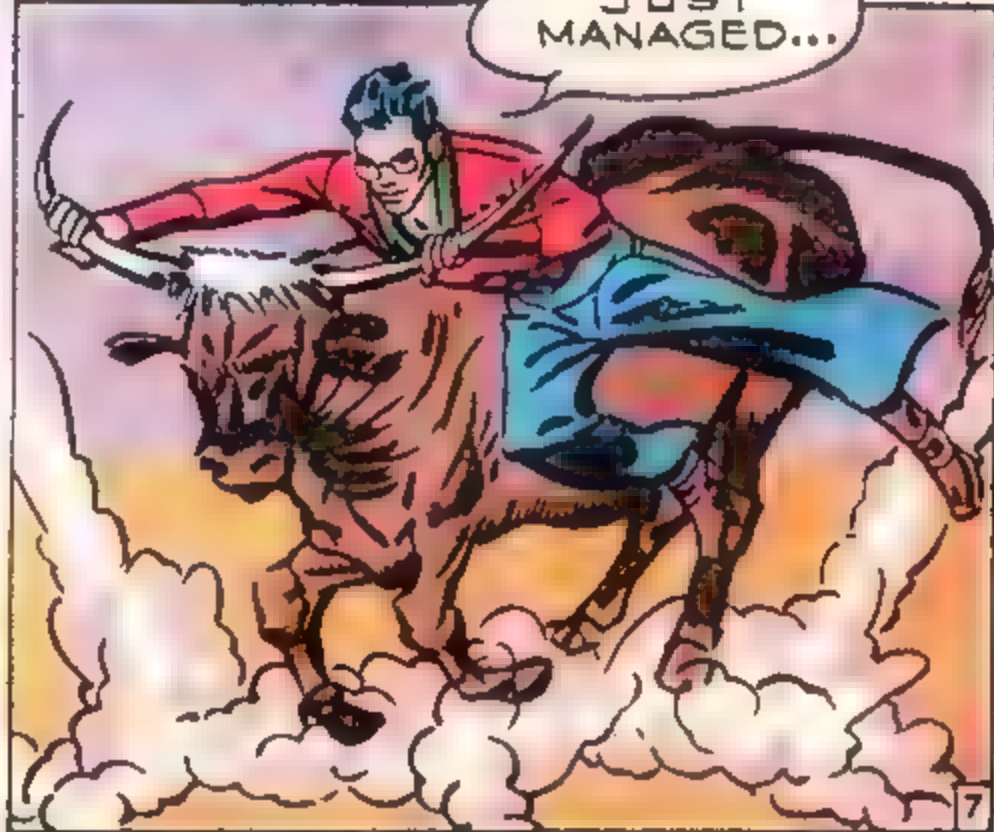
GREAT GILA MONSTERS! THE CINCHES TORE!

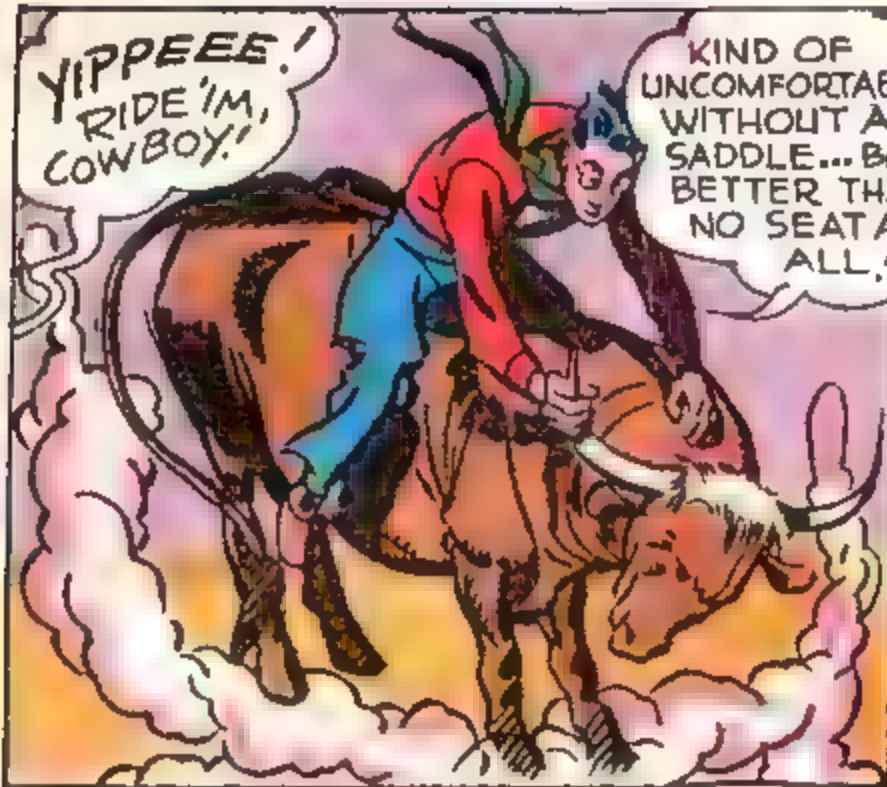


AND THOSE HORNS LOOK MIGHTY DANGEROUS! BUT MAYBE... IF I CAN ROLL OVER...



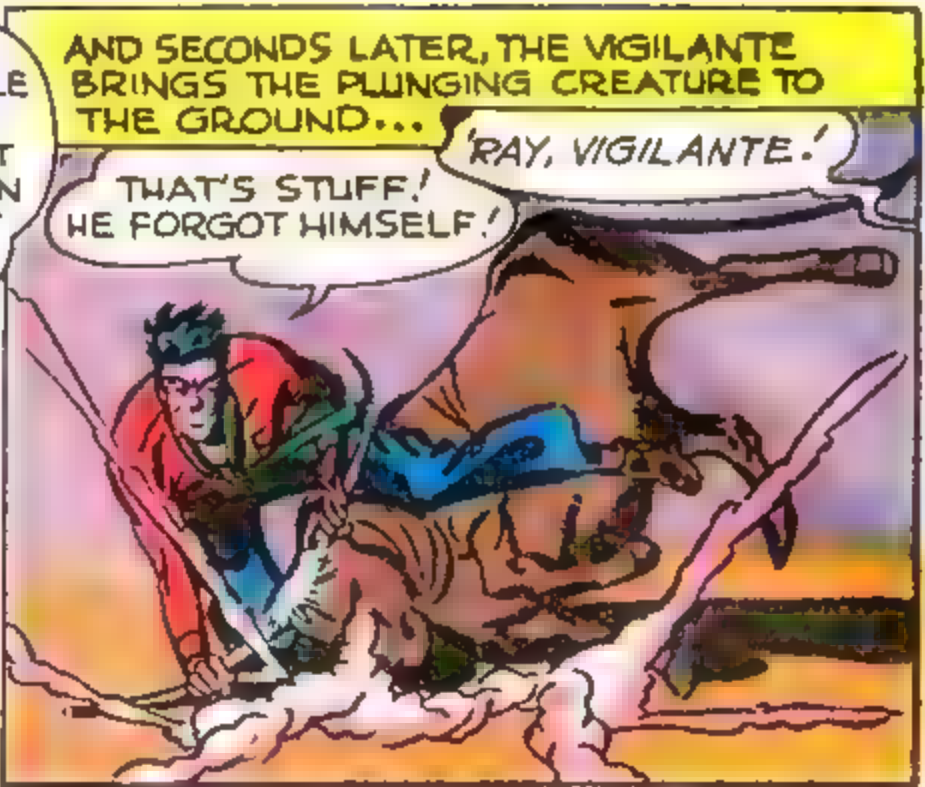
WHEW... JUST MANAGED...





YIPPEEE!
RIDE 'IM,
COWBOY!

KIND OF
UNCOMFORTABLE
WITHOUT A
SADDLE... BUT
BETTER THAN
NO SEAT AT
ALL!



AND SECONDS LATER, THE VIGILANTE
BRINGS THE PLUNGING CREATURE TO
THE GROUND...

'RAY, VIGILANTE.'

THAT'S STUFF!
HE FORGOT HIMSELF!



DID
YOU HEAR
THAT? IT'S THE
VIGILANTE!

YIPPEE!

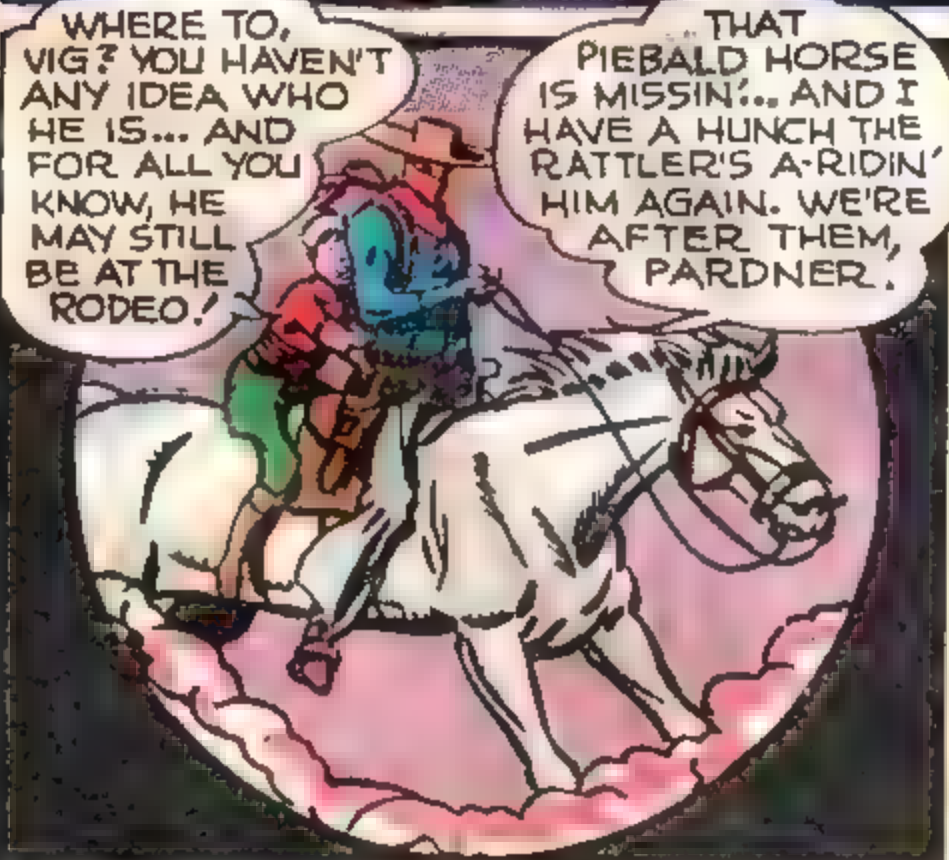
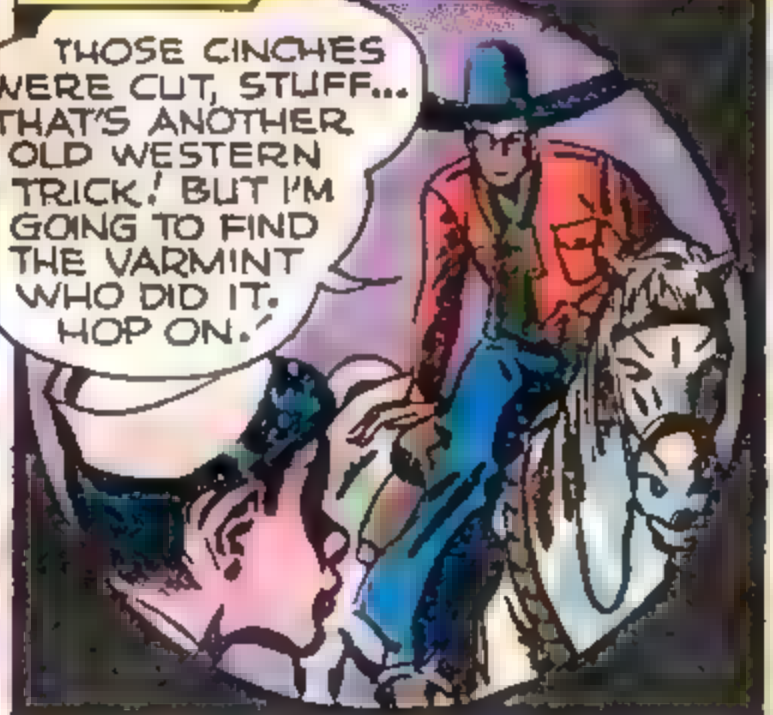
BRAVO,
VIGILANTE!

'RAY!

THANK
YUH KINDLY,
FOLKS!

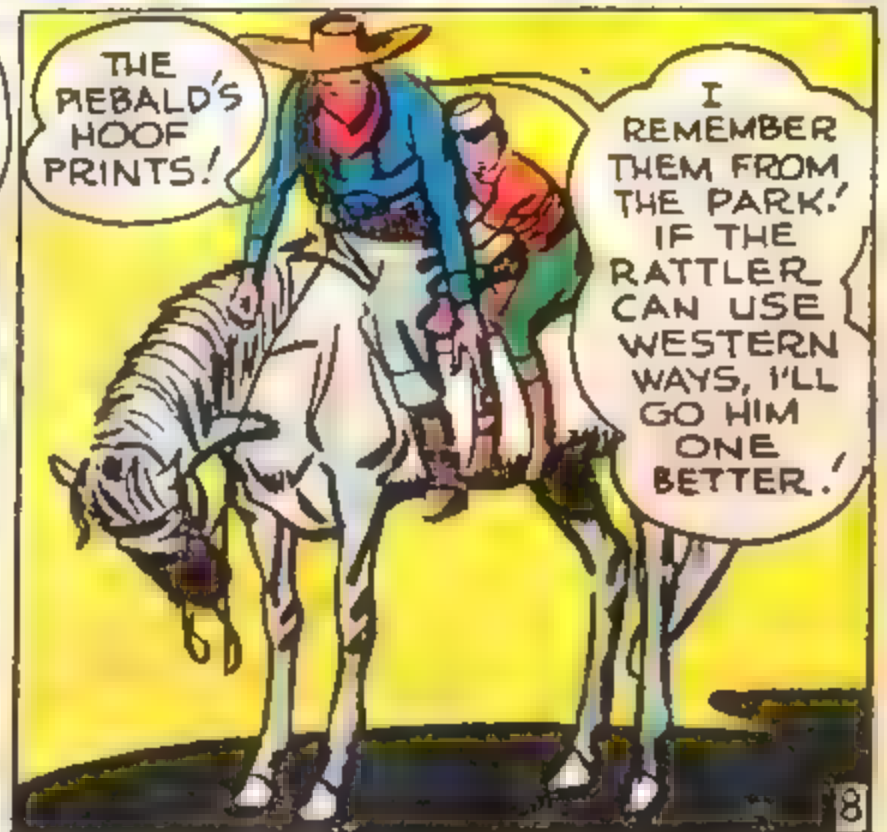
BUT THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD
DO NOT MAKE THE WESTERN WADDY
FORGET THAT THERE IS WORK
AHEAD!

THOSE CINCHES
WERE CUT, STUFF...
THAT'S ANOTHER
OLD WESTERN
TRICK! BUT I'M
GOING TO FIND
THE VARMINT
WHO DID IT.
HOP ON.



WHERE TO,
VIG? YOU HAVEN'T
ANY IDEA WHO
HE IS... AND
FOR ALL YOU
KNOW, HE
MAY STILL
BE AT THE
RODEO!

THAT
PIEBALD HORSE
IS MISSIN'.. AND I
HAVE A HUNCH THE
RATTLER'S A-RIDIN'
HIM AGAIN. WE'RE
AFTER THEM,
PARDNER.



THE
PIEBALD'S
HOOF
PRINTS!

I
REMEMBER
THEM FROM
THE PARK!
IF THE
RATTLER
CAN USE
WESTERN
WAYS, I'LL
GO HIM
ONE
BETTER!

PRESENTLY...

LEFT HIND SHOE'S COMIN' LOOSE... LET'S MOVE ON.

BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK, VIG, THE PRINTS ARE DIFFERENT NOW.

WHAT NOW, VIG? WE CAN'T FIND ANY FOOTPRINTS ON THIS HARD GROUND. WESTERN METHODS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW.

WRONG, PARDNER. A WESTERNER KNOWS THE VARMINT WON'T KEEP THAT PIEBALD ON HARD GROUND LONG, NOT WITH A LOOSE SHOE... THE HOSS'D GO LAME.

HERE WE ARE, STUFF... THE PRINTS BEGIN AGAIN!

AND HERE'S THE HORSE'S SHOE... IT CAME OFF ALTOGETHER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE TOLL GATE OF THE GREAT MULTIBORO BRIDGE...

YOU BOYS TAKE CARE OF THE COP INSIDE!

RIGHT, BOSS!

WITH THE POLICE UNCONSCIOUS, THE BANDITS PREPARE A DEADLY MASQUERADE...

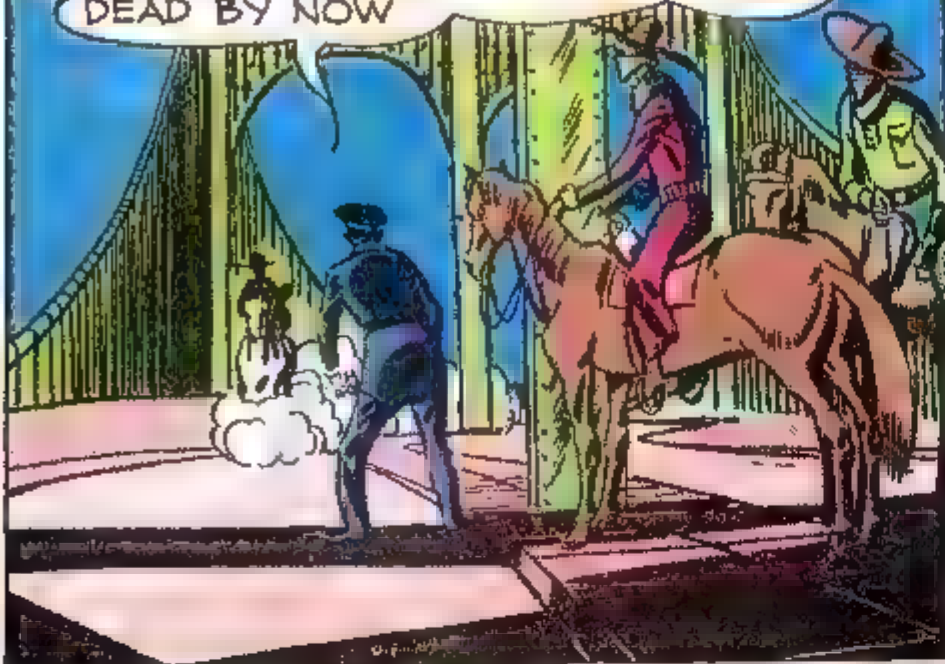
YOU SURE MAKE A GOOD COPPER, BOSS... ALMOST AS GOOD AS YOU DO A PRESS AGENT... OR A ROAD AGENT!

TRUCKS WILL STOP WITHOUT SUSPECTING A THING... WE'LL MAKE A RICH HAUL.

YES, AND WITH THE CLUES LEADING TO THE RODEO, THE OWNER WILL GET THE BLAME. HE'LL BE NEEDING MONEY TO PAY LAWYERS... BET HE'LL BE GLAD TO SELL OUT TO ME!

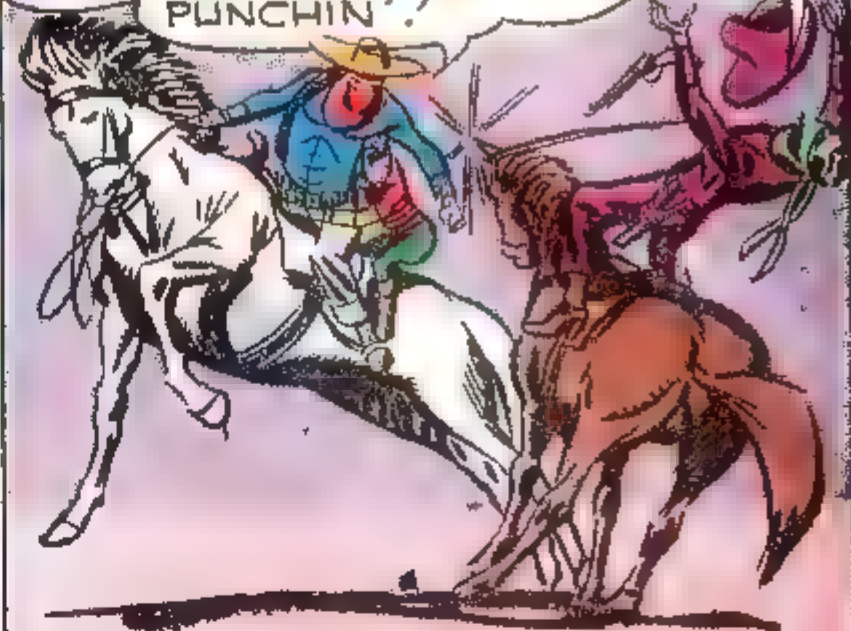
BUT THERE'S MANY A SLIP... AS THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF PROVE WHEN THEY CROSS THE BRIDGE ... AND CROSS UP THE BANDITS...

THE VIGILANTE. 'THOUGHT HE'D BE DEAD BY NOW



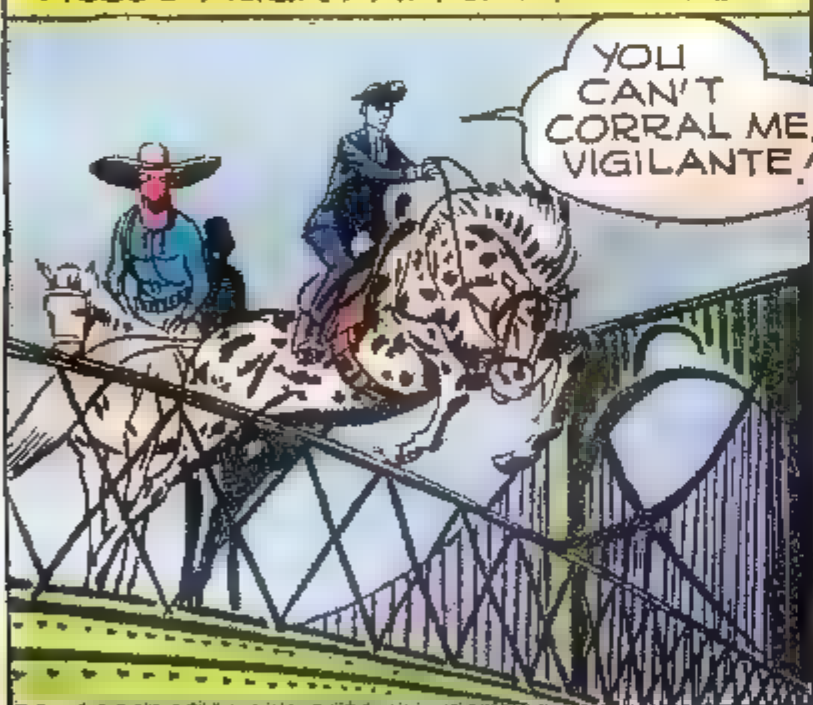
I'M KIND OF LIVELY FOR A GHOST, DIAMONDBACK... AND DOIN' SOME WESTERN PUNCHIN'!

AAAA...



A SWIFT, SHARP BATTLE... AND THEN, WITH HIS HENCHMEN BATTERED TO THE GROUND, THE TREACHEROUS PRESS AGENT ATTEMPTS ESCAPE...

YOU CAN'T CORRAL ME, VIGILANTE!



BUT MY LARIAT SAYS I, WILL!



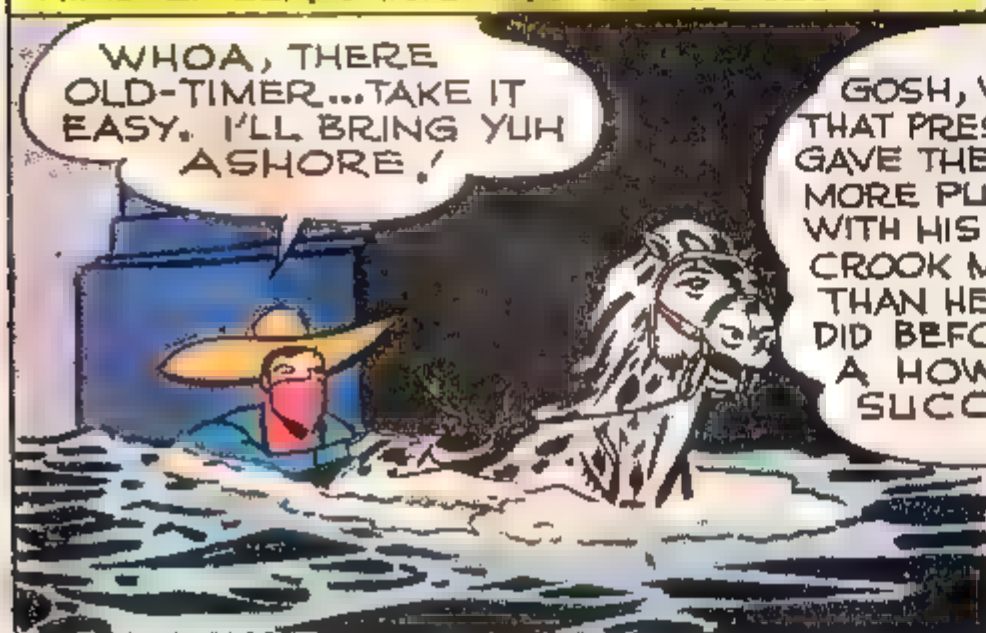
WITH THE BANDIT LEADER DANGLING HELPLESSLY IN MID-AIR, THE WESTERN WADDY HIMSELF LEAPS INTO THE RIVER BELOW...

WHOA, THERE OLD-TIMER... TAKE IT EASY. I'LL BRING YUH ASHORE!

GOSH, VIG, THAT PRESS AGENT GAVE THE RODEO MORE PUBLICITY WITH HIS WESTERN CROOK METHODS THAN HE EVER DID BEFORE. IT'S A HOWLING SUCCESS!

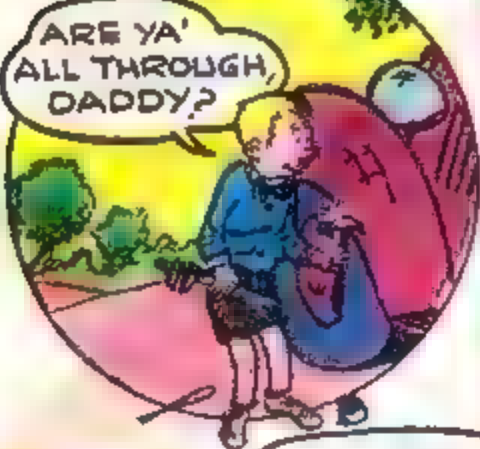
LATER...

TOO BAD HE CAN'T APPRECIATE IT IN JAIL!

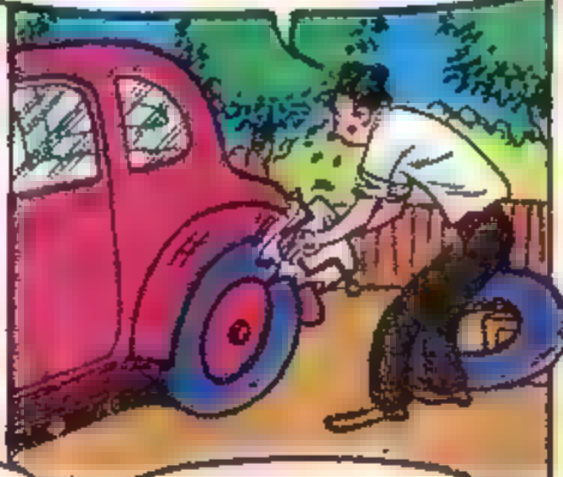


CROWDS JAM RODEO

LITTLE MORTON



YES, MORTON. I FINALLY FIXED THAT TIRE. NOW I'LL GO WASH MY HANDS AND FACE.



THAT WAS SOME JOB, EH?



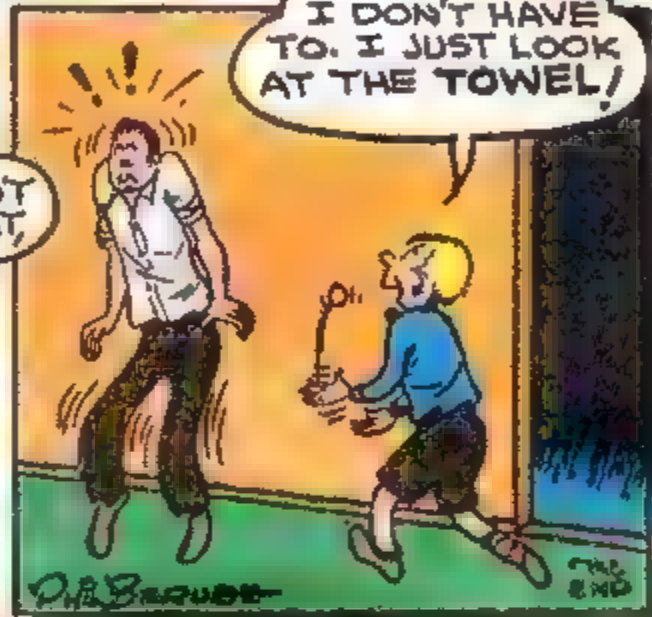
NOW I'M NICE AND CLEAN AGAIN



DO YOU ALWAYS LOOK IN THE MIRROR TO SEE IF YOUR FACE IS CLEAN, DADDY?



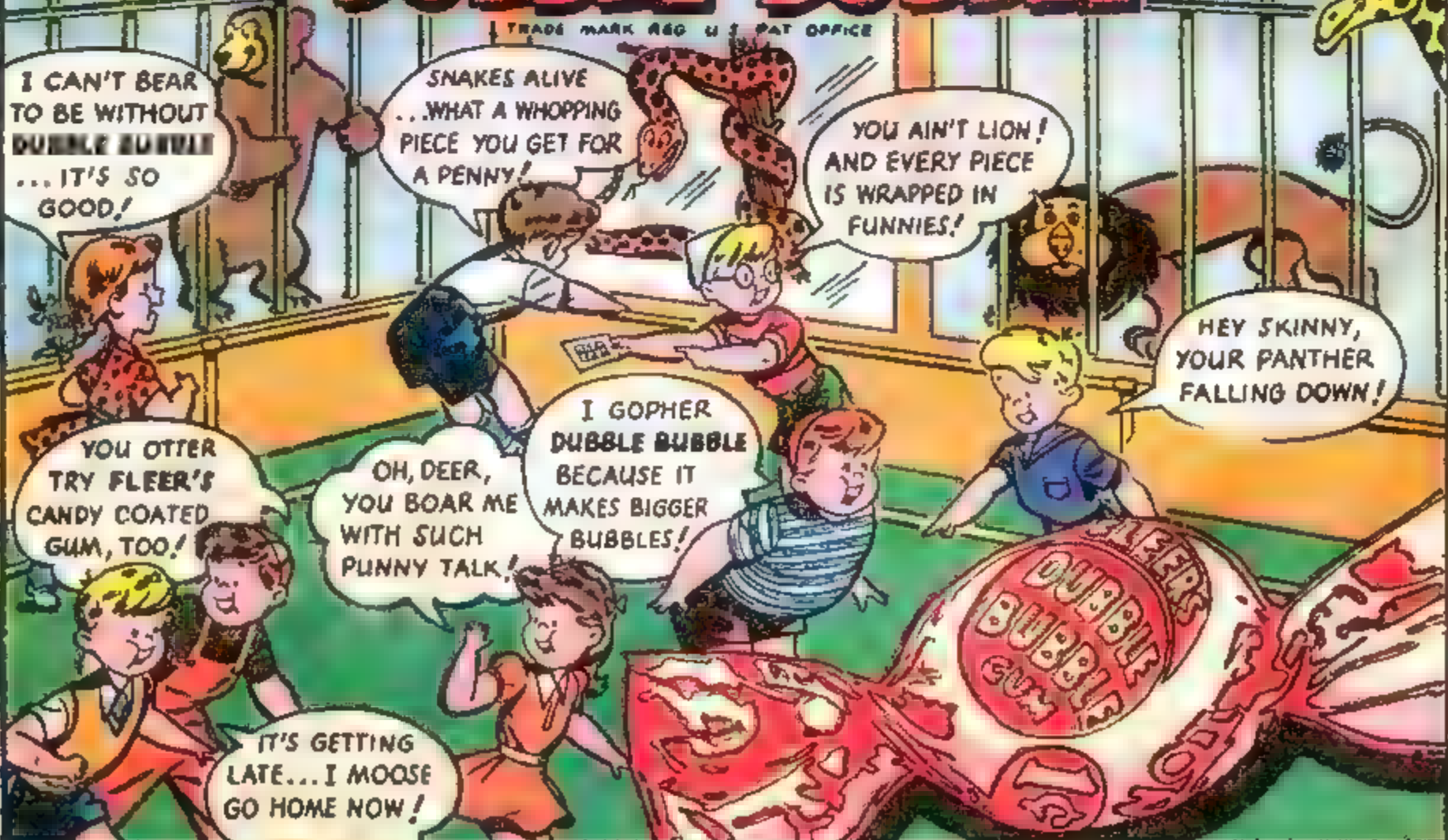
I DON'T HAVE TO. I JUST LOOK AT THE TOWEL!



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT OFFICE



SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

QUIET BEAT

by Stan Carter

IF Big Moose hadn't taken that trip into Mexico and run into the Duke, his mob would probably still be going strong. It was the Duke who did more to wreck Big Moose's boys than the police had been able to do in years.

The Duke was a "fence", which in underworld slang means a receiver of stolen goods. The Duke specialized in thefted paintings. "You know how it is, Big Moose," he said that day in Mexico City, "you know how it is with art collectors. Some of those rich collectors don't ask where a work of art comes from; they're glad to get it, no matter how. Understand?"

Big Moose tapped his lower jaw contemplatively. "You mean they'll take hot stuff from you and no questions asked?"

"Precisely," said the Duke. "That is why I am talking to you." The Duke waved a hand airily. "As a matter of fact, next month, in your territory, Lowell's Department Store is going to put up for sale a collection of great value."

"Art?"

"With a capital 'A'! And," added the Duke jocularly, "it would net you considerable capital if you could get those paintings to me."

Big Moose worried his lower lip. "It's a deal, Duke," he decided, "Me and the boys will try it."

He was as good as his word. But to Big Moose, his word couldn't be as good as his bond. He had a bondsman bail out the boys when they needed it. Which was seldom. "The way I figures," Big Moose usually boasted, "is to figure the angles they can catch you on, then use other ones."

It was a system, and it worked remarkably well. For two days, Lightnin' Ames and Sneaky Potter cased the department store until they knew every exit and entrance. They even brought back to Big Moose a report on the cops, and their various patrols. "The one we gotta look out for is a rookie," Lightnin' said. "He's on from midnight 'till eight a. m. New guy. Must of got back from the war. He wears ribbons."

Big Moose beamed. "That's fine," he said. "It

takes guys like that a little time to adjust." He glowered at Sneaky, who had allowed a smile to pass over his face. "I happened to read that in a book, smart guy," he said, "so wipe off that grin."

"I didn't mean nothin', Boss," Sneaky hastened to interpolate. "Nothin' at all."

"I think it's going to be tough getting the stuff out," Lightnin' averred glumly. "How you gonna do that, Big Moose?"

"I'll be right there to help," Big Moose said, "but you're right. I'll have to think up a way to remove the stolen goods." In moments of stress, Big Moose liked to get ponderous.

But Lightnin' was right. So far everything had been figured to a nicety. They knew how to get in, how to cut the alarm wires, and take care of the watchman. Getting out with the paintings was the next problem. You didn't just load trucks in the middle of the night. Cars either, for that matter.

Big Moose looked up angrily as Sneaky Potter suddenly jumped toward a window. From the street, thirty floors below, there arose the clang of a fire bell. Sneaky loved to watch engines and ambulances go by.

"Ambulances!" Big Moose snapped his fingers. "I got it," he said delightedly. "Boys, I got a sure thing! A private ambulance to take the paintings out in."

Both Lightnin' and Sneaky looked at their leader, eyes alight with admiration. It was the *coup d'etat*, the stroke of strokes. Only a guy with Big Moose's massive brain, they agreed, could think up so daring a scheme.

Big Moose pulled a roll of money from his pocket, peeled off some high denomination bills. "Get what we need, Sneaky," he said. "And don't forget my uniform. I'll drive." He smiled. "We'll knock the joint off tonight, boys."

Thus, at one-thirty in the morning, as Patrolman Eddie Bennett, late of the Marine Corps Reserve, but now back in uniform, made his tour of duty, he had no idea that a scant few blocks away, Big

Moose and the boys were rifling Lowell's of its art treasures.

For while Big Moose and his aides had things on their minds, Eddie had worries, too. Naturally, he hadn't worried about going to war. He had put in four years of it, gladly. He'd had only two years on the police force before then. But there had been talk of making a third-grade detective of him.

When his part of the war ended, he'd come back. As a patrolman. Which meant, he reflected bitterly, as he called the precinct house to report all secure, that it might be a couple of years before he could marry Marge. He'd not said anything yet, nor had she. But it was pretty well understood they both couldn't live on his salary.

"Patrolman Bennett, Post 11 reporting, Sarge. All quiet." —

He hung up. "Maybe I should have stayed in the Marines," he told himself. After all, he had risen from buck private to the rank of captain. But ever since he was a kid he'd wanted to be a cop. He squared his shoulders. "Well," he told himself, "no use complaining. I'll just have to wait until I'm eligible to take the tests for detective. Nothing ever happens on this quiet beat!"

And it certainly looked that way. The shopping district, after ten o'clock, was deader than yesterday's newspaper. Eddie rounded the corner to Lowell's. Then he looked down the street.

"Funny," he said, "that ambulance must have just come up. Wonder who called for it?"

He didn't hurry his pace, but walked leisurely toward what he could see was a private ambulance.

He looked at the beefy man in the driver's seat.

"Somebody sick, buddy?"

"Yeah." Big Moose was used to this. He knew how to handle ordinary cops. "Yeah, officer. We got a call to pick up the watchman. They sent his relief in." He looked on idly as the policeman took out his notebook. Then Big Moose said, "I got his name and address."

"Okay, thanks." Eddie took it down. Big Moose smiled to himself. He'd even figured out this angle. For just an instant a worried look appeared in his eyes. He hoped the boys would make sure of fixing the watchman so he'd look sick. The next moment, he stiffened. "Here they are, officer," he said.

Neither Lightning nor Sneaky betrayed surprise as they came out of the building and saw the policeman. On the stretcher was the unconscious watchman. He was being carried out according to Big Moose's plan. And beneath the watchman, neatly cut from their frames, lay six masterpieces!

Eddie watched as they slid past him. "What's his trouble, Doc?" He still had the notebook in his hand, his flashlight playing on it. He brushed perspiration from his forehead. The night was very warm.

"Appendix," Sneaky said with professional briskness. He enjoyed every moment of his role. "I'll have to take it out myself." In his white coat, he looked every inch the doctor.

He helped Lightning shove the stretcher into the back of the hired ambulance. Grinning to himself, he turned to the patrolman. Eddie was standing there, still holding his flash. It was full on Sneaky's white coat. Eddie blinked.

But before he could recover from his surprise, Sneaky said: "So long, officer. Emergency operation, you know." He ran a hand down his left side to indicate a surgeon's cut. "But I take 'em out fast."

"And you'll put 'em up, fast," Eddie grated, hauling out his gun. "You, too!"

Big Moose, who had been sitting on pins and needles waiting for Sneaky to stop talking, threw the car into gear. Eddie's shot stopped him instantly.

"All right, you mugs," Eddie said. "Come out talking. I want to look at that watchman."

Five minutes later, in the station house, Eddie was explaining to the astonished Sergeant. "I couldn't believe my eyes when I flashed my light on that phony doctor's coat," he said. "Do you know what was sewed on the pocket? *Property of Union Barber Supply!* That Sneaky figured doctors wore any kind of a white coat."

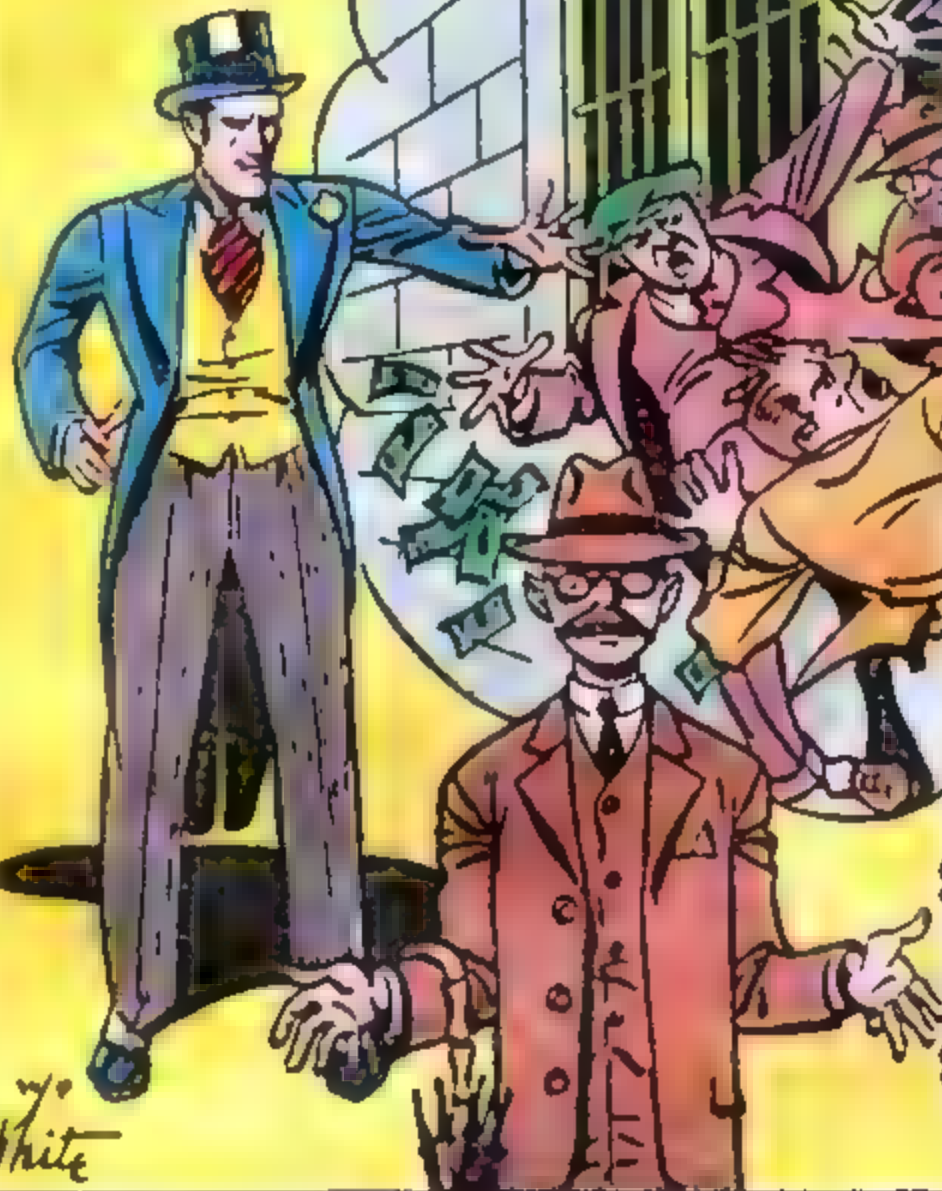
Eddie grinned. "Then when he showed me how he takes appendixes out on the left side, when everybody knows they're on the right, I got suspicious."

Sergeant Fuller laughed. "I told you that emergency appendectomy you had on Guadalcanal would come in handy some day, Eddie." He winked. "And the Commissioner will wonder why you're not a detective, too. You, a hero!"



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



PERHAPS THERE'S A HERO BURIED WAY DOWN DEEP IN EVEN THE MILDEST AND MEEKEST OF MEN, BUT SOMETIMES IT TAKES A MARVEL-MASTER LIKE ZATARA TO DIG DEEP ENOUGH INTO THE LIFE OF A WENPECKED FELLOW NAMED HENRY PECK. SO COME ALONG THROUGH THE AVERAGE DAY OF AN AVERAGE MAN AS ZATARA HELPS UNCOVER THE BATTLING BRAIN AND THE BRAINWORK OF...

"The Man Who Didn't Dare!"

AS ZATARA STROLLS PAST A COZY HOME EARLY ONE MORNING, HE OVERHEARS A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION...

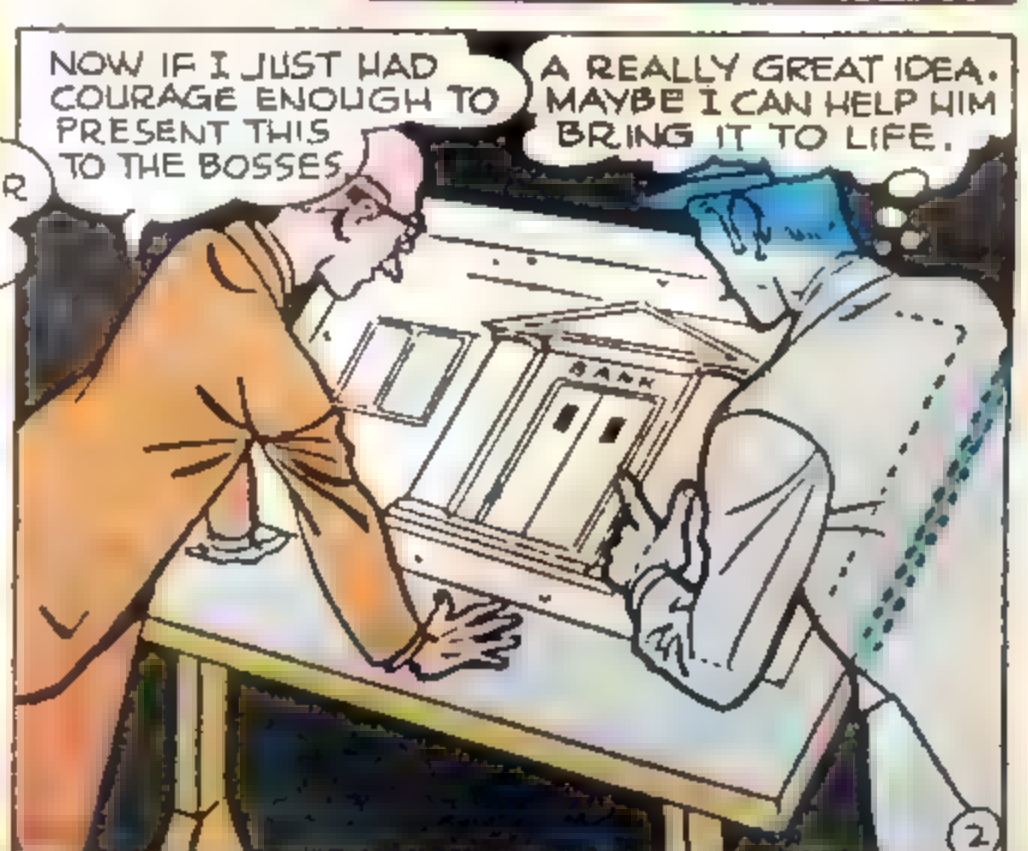
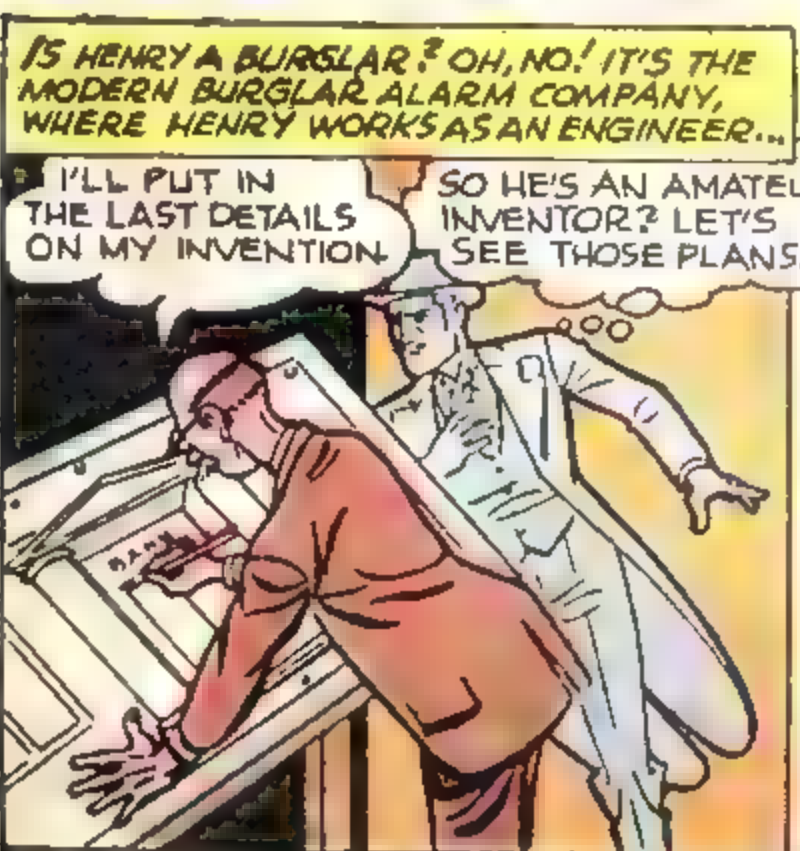
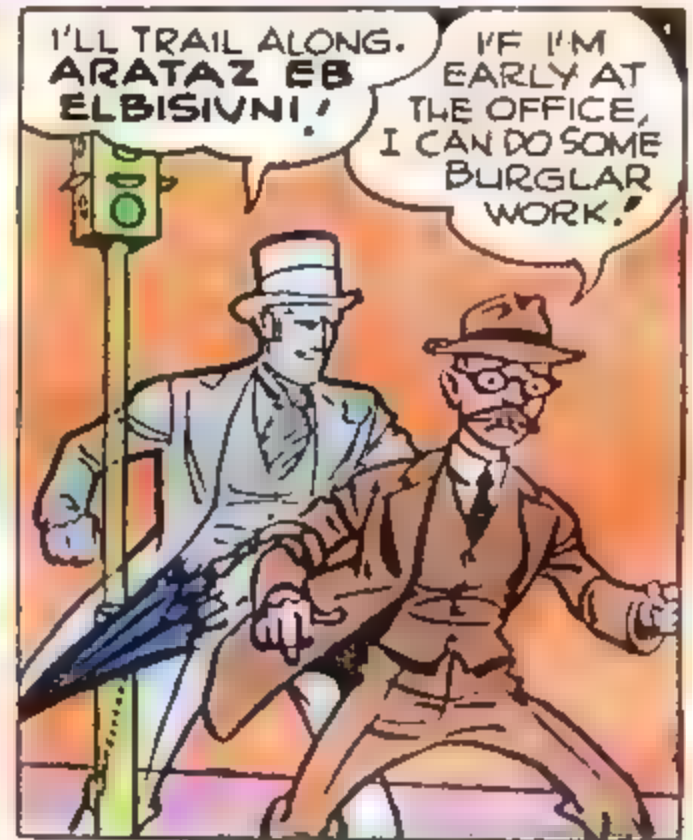
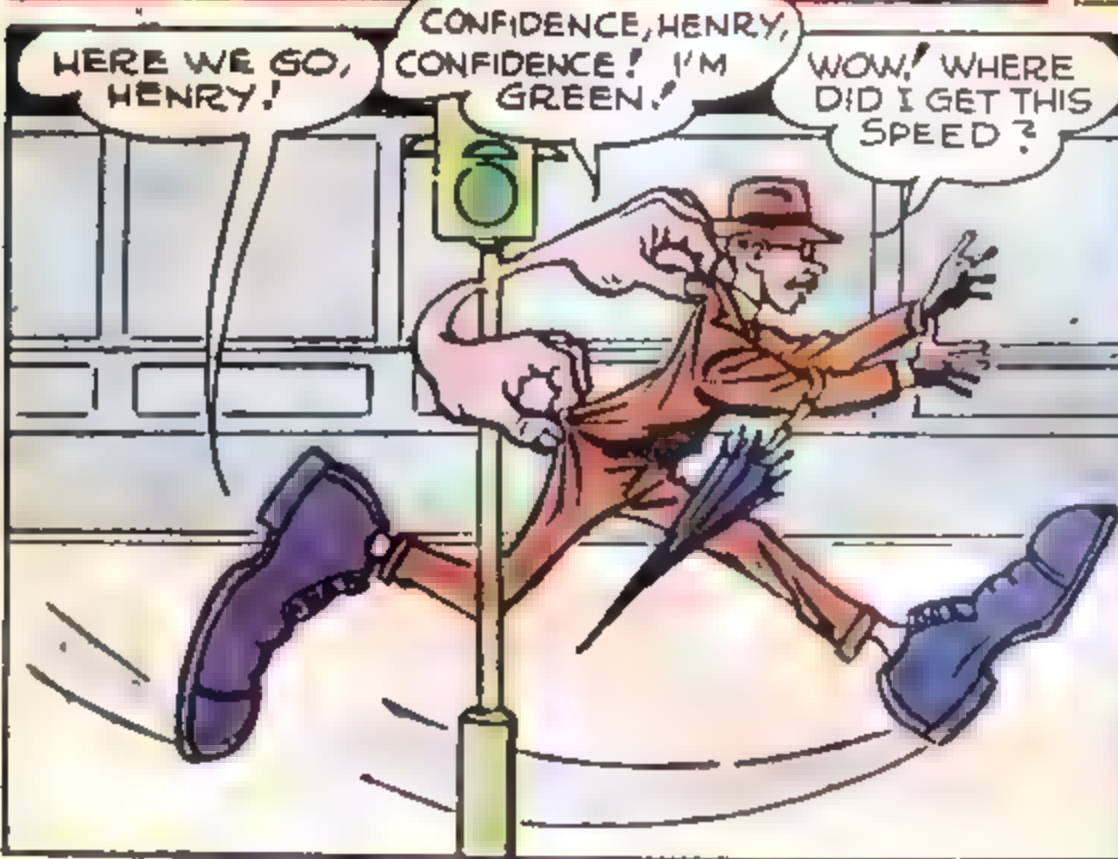
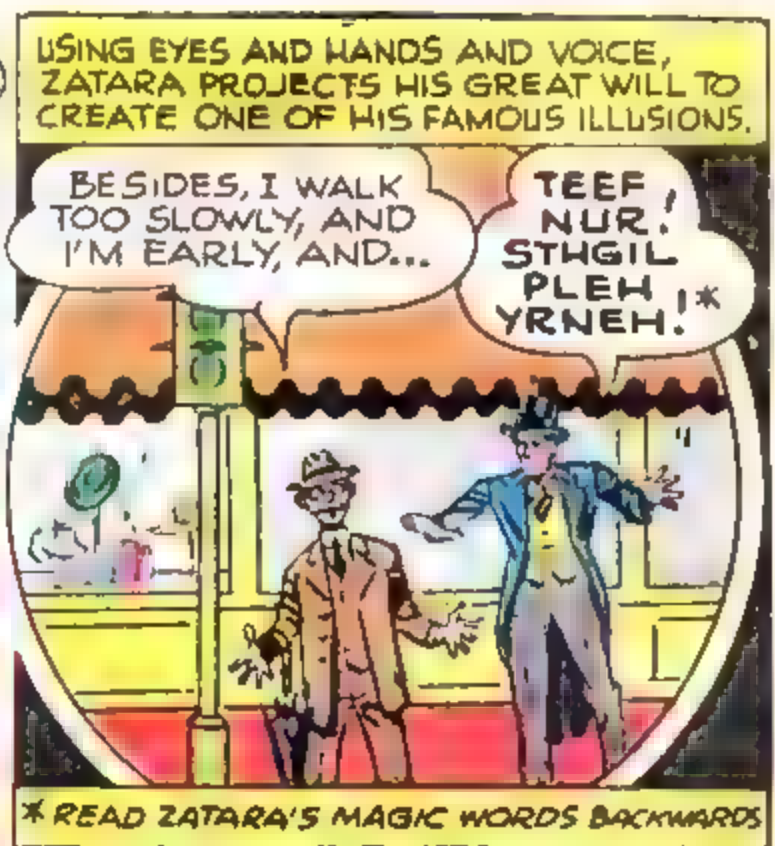
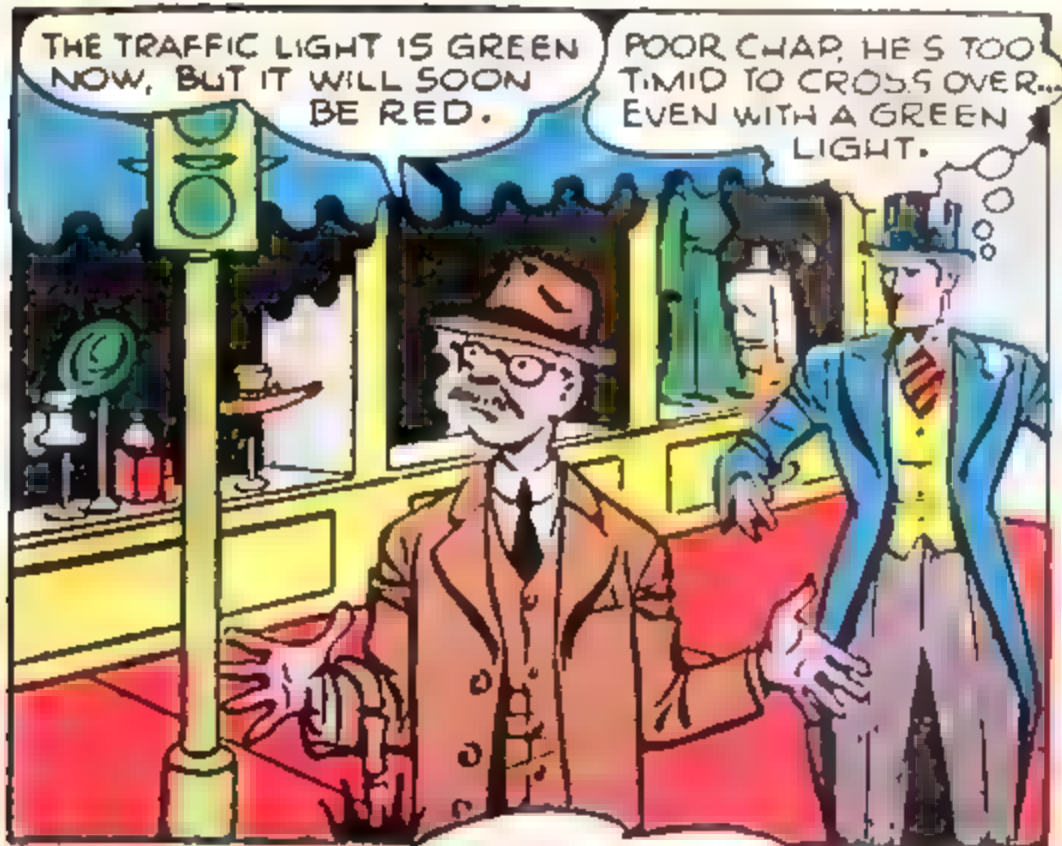
DOESN'T IT LOOK LIKE RAIN? DON'T ANSWER, I'LL MAKE UP YOUR MIND FOR YOU... I'VE DECIDED YOU SHOULD DECIDE TO DECIDE TO WEAR YOUR RUBBERS AND CARRY AN UMBRELLA.

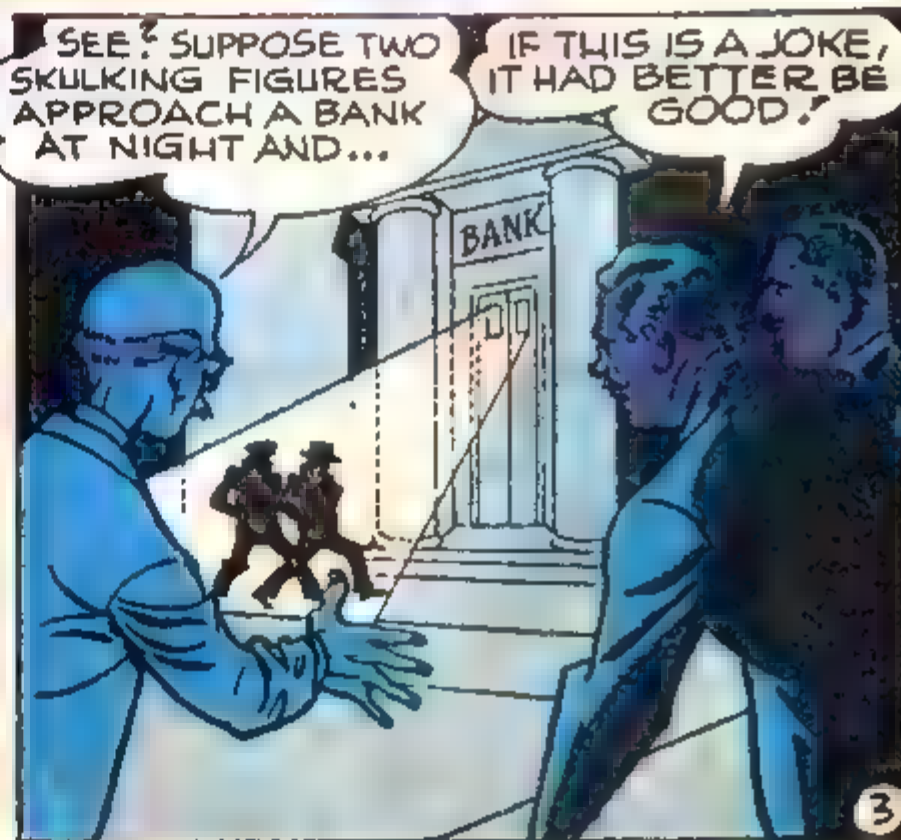
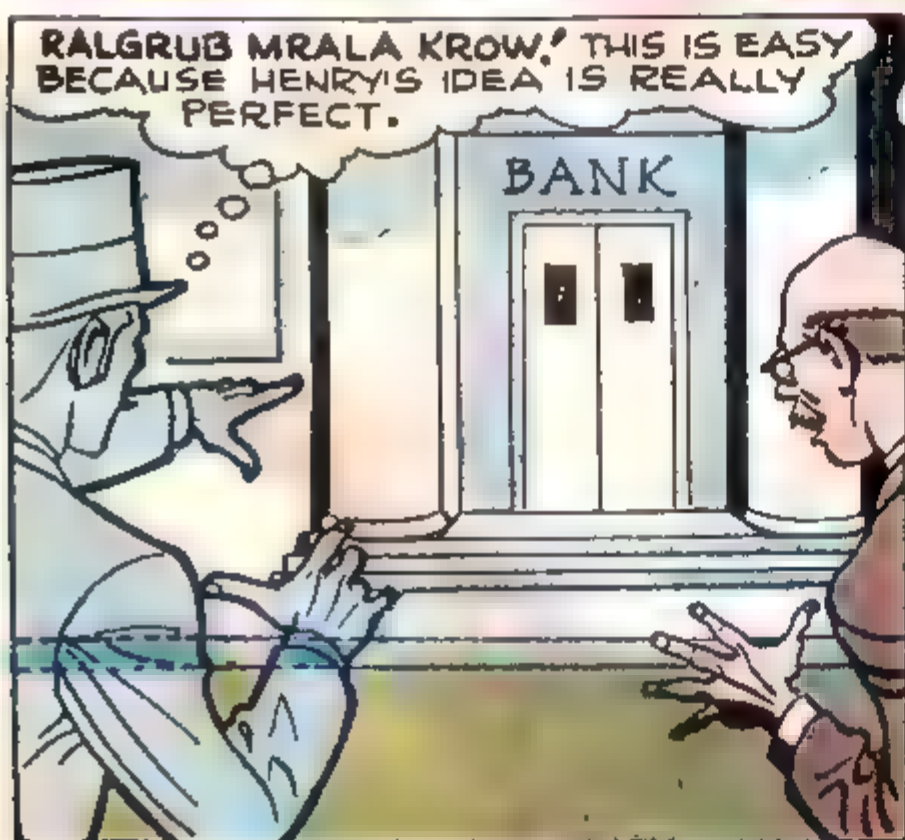
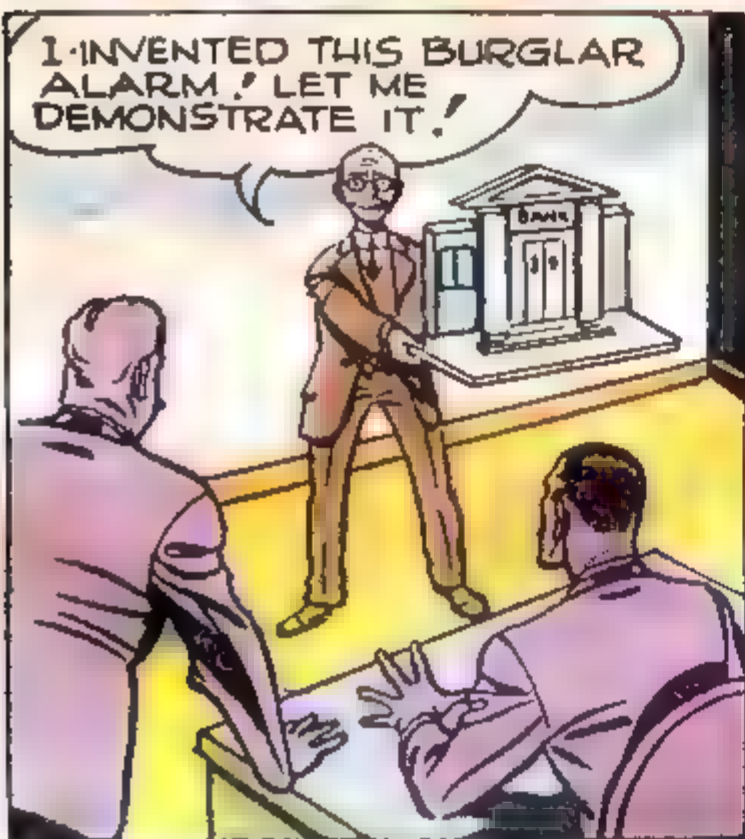
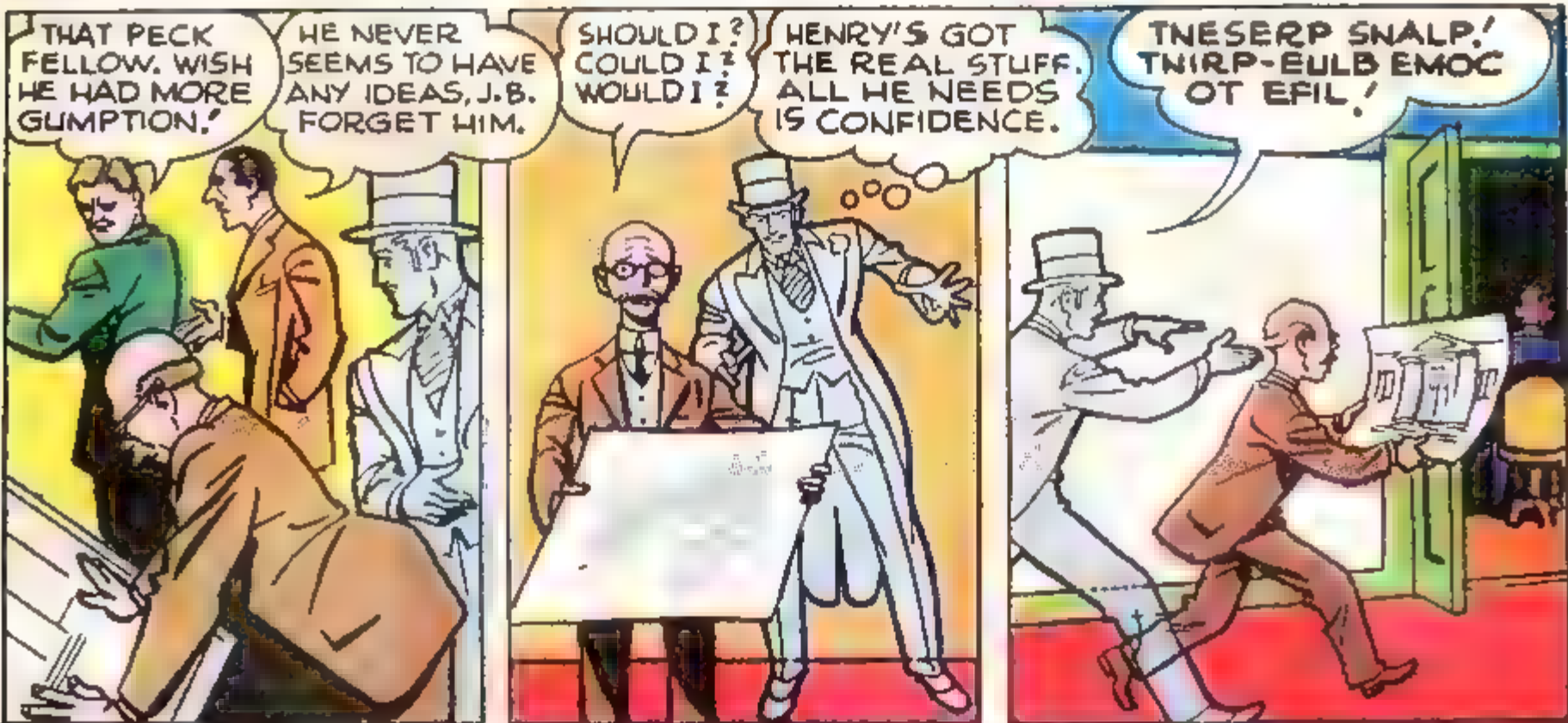


YES, MY DEAR... YES, MY DEAR... YESYESYES. OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT.

MAYBE I SHOULD HELP HENRY TO HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF.







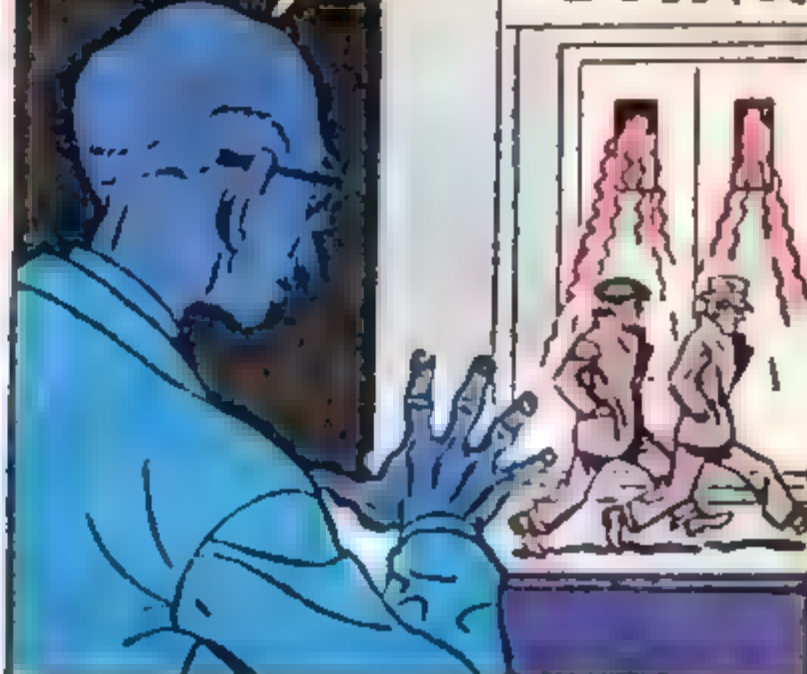
UNDER ZATARA'S ILLUSION-MAKING POWERS, HENRY AND THE TWO BOSSES BELIEVE THEY SEE AND HEAR!

NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THOSE MEN NEAR THE DOOR!



INVISIBLE RADAR BOMBARDS ALL WHO PASS!

BANK



THEIR WEAPONS AND FACES ARE PROJECTED ON A SCREEN INSIDE THE BANK. WHY ARE THEY CARRYING GUNS. SUSPICIOUS, EH?



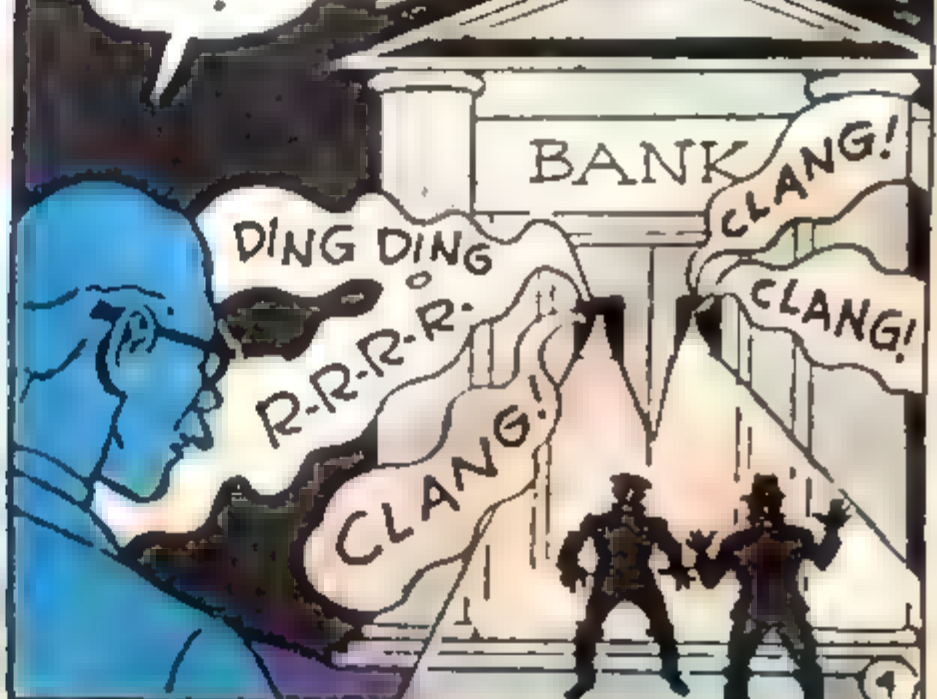
THEIR FACES ARE CHECKED AGAINST CONSTANTLY REVOLVING POLICE FILES.

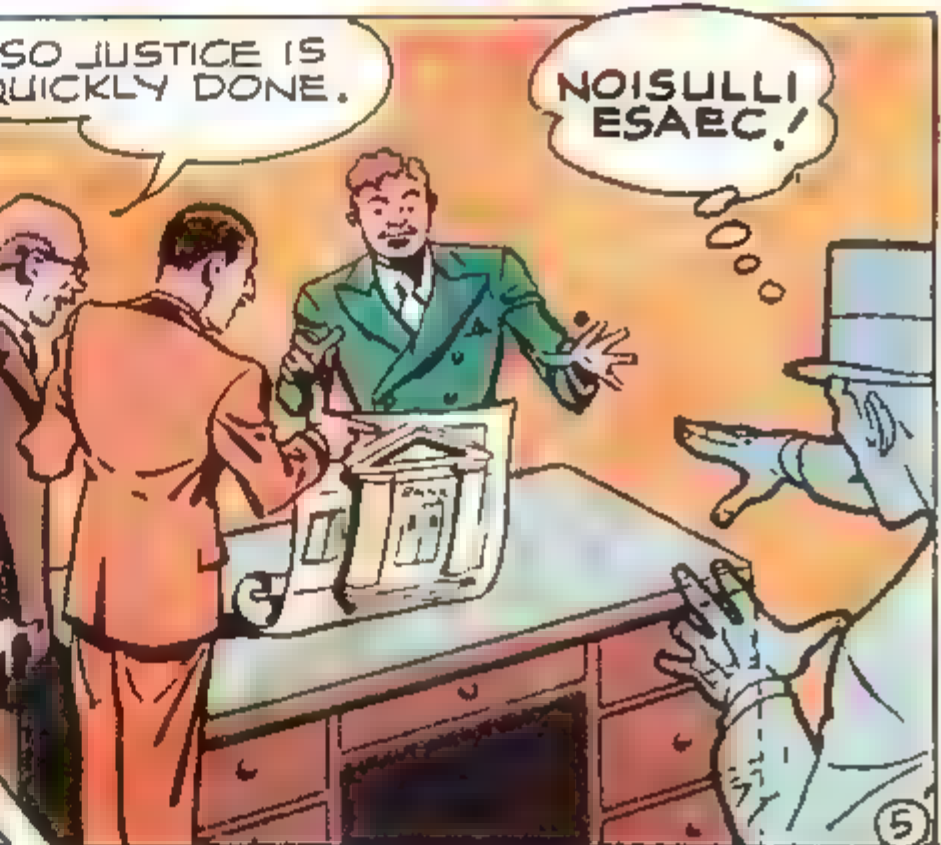
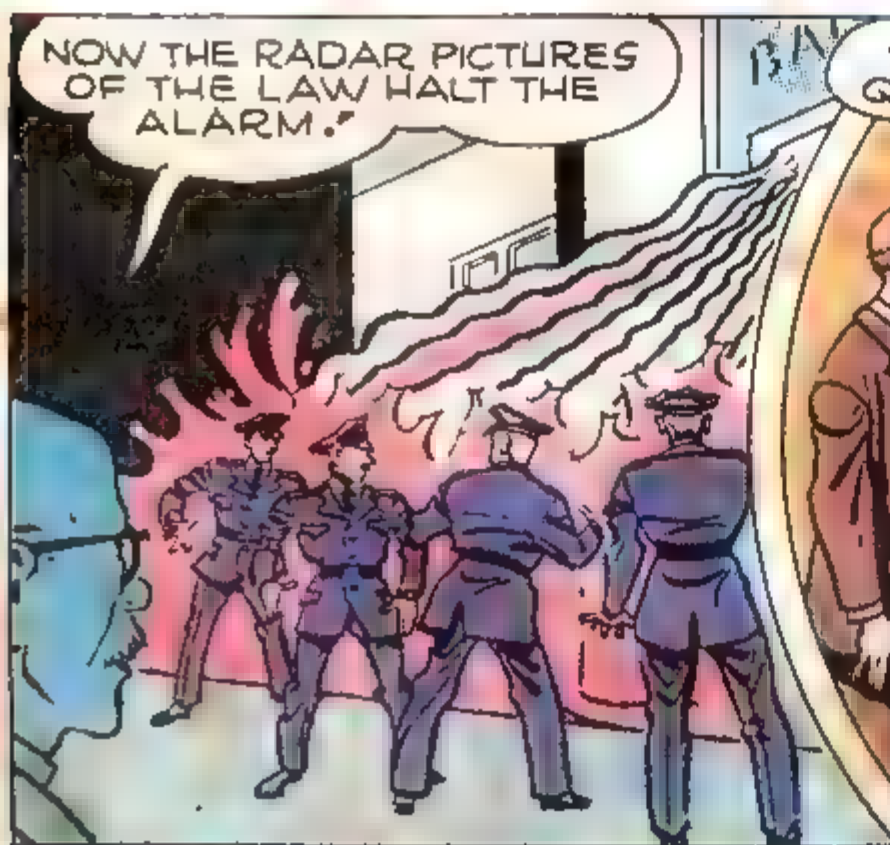
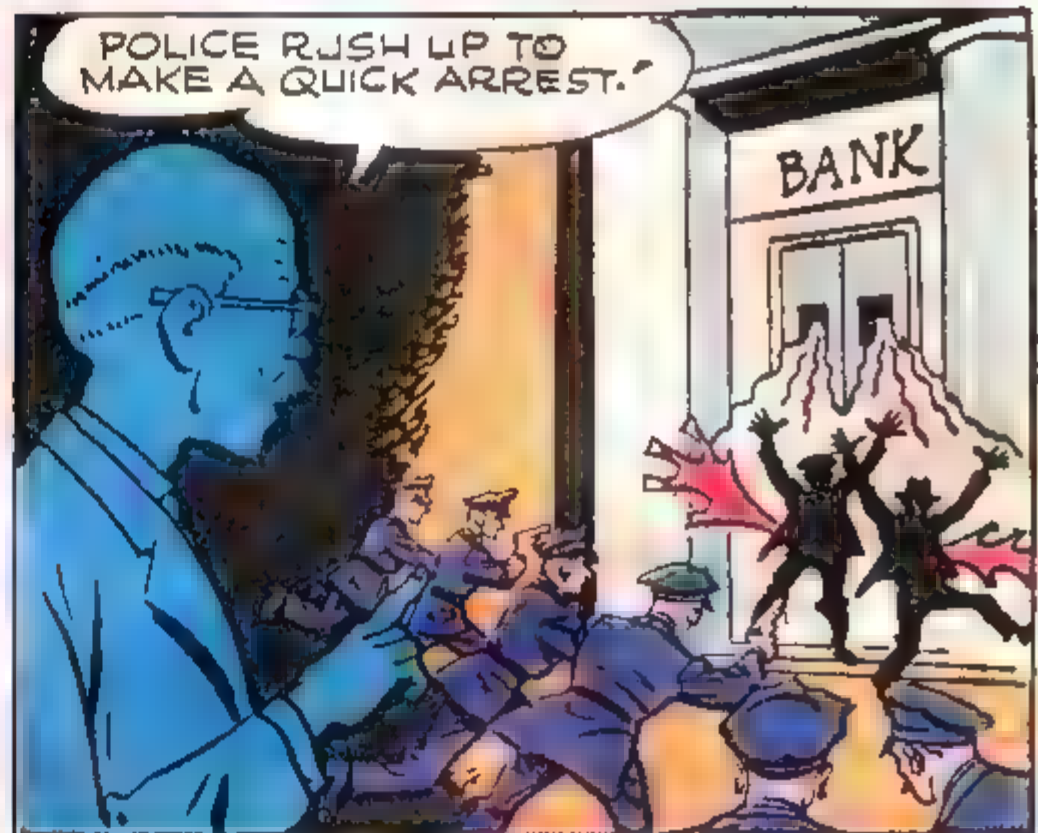
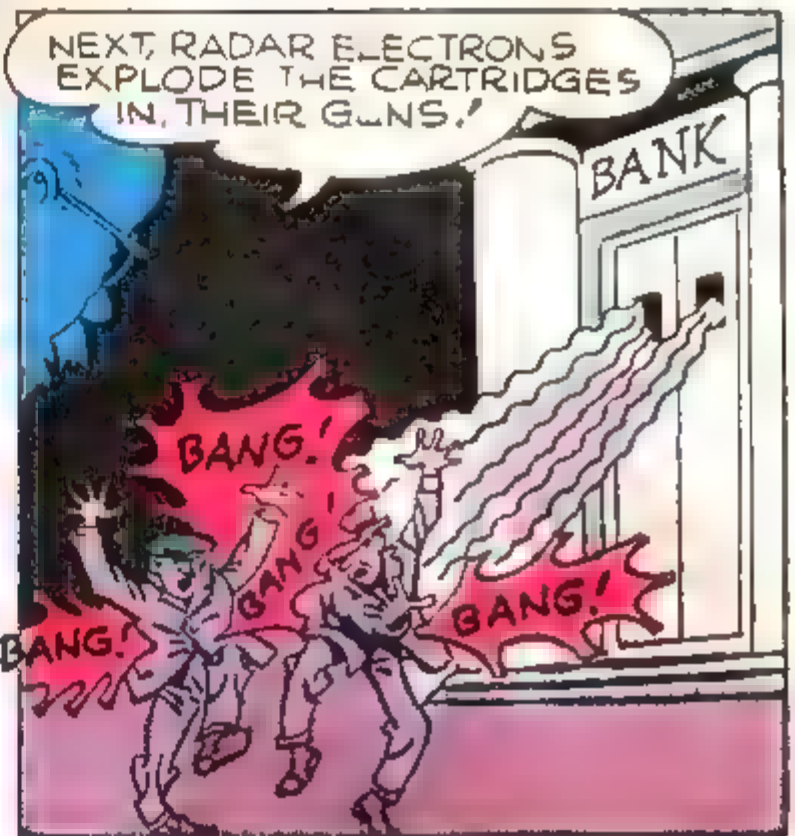
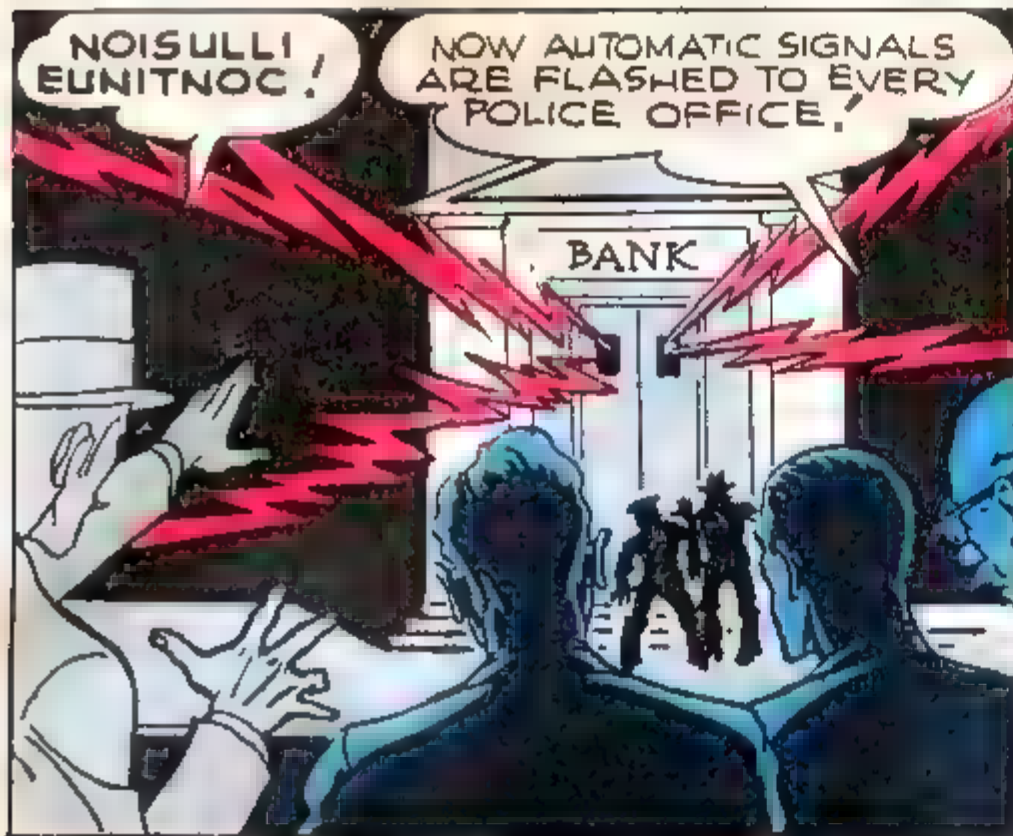


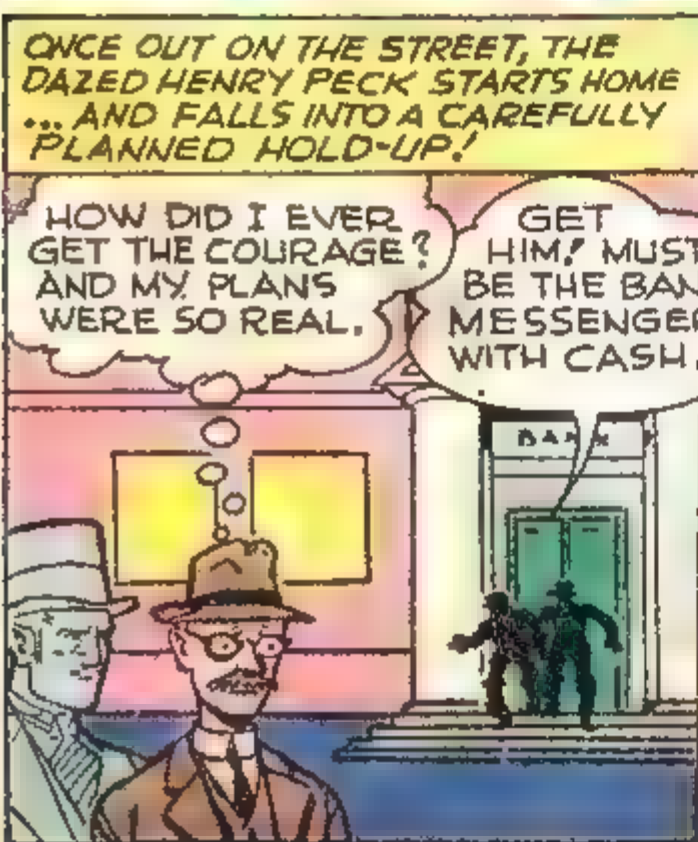
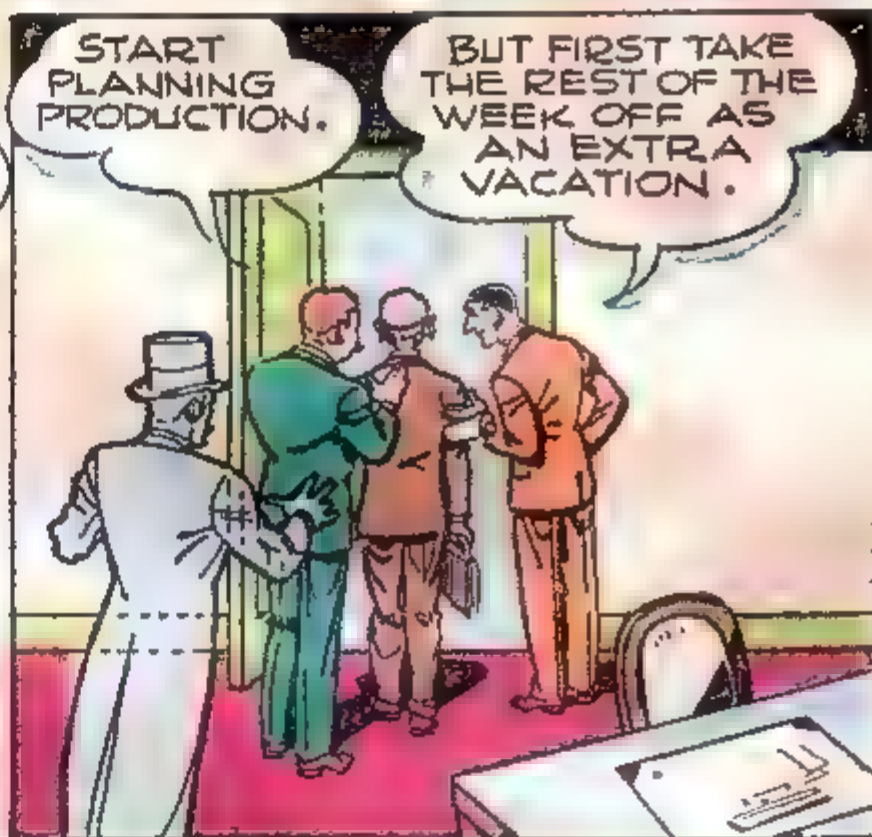
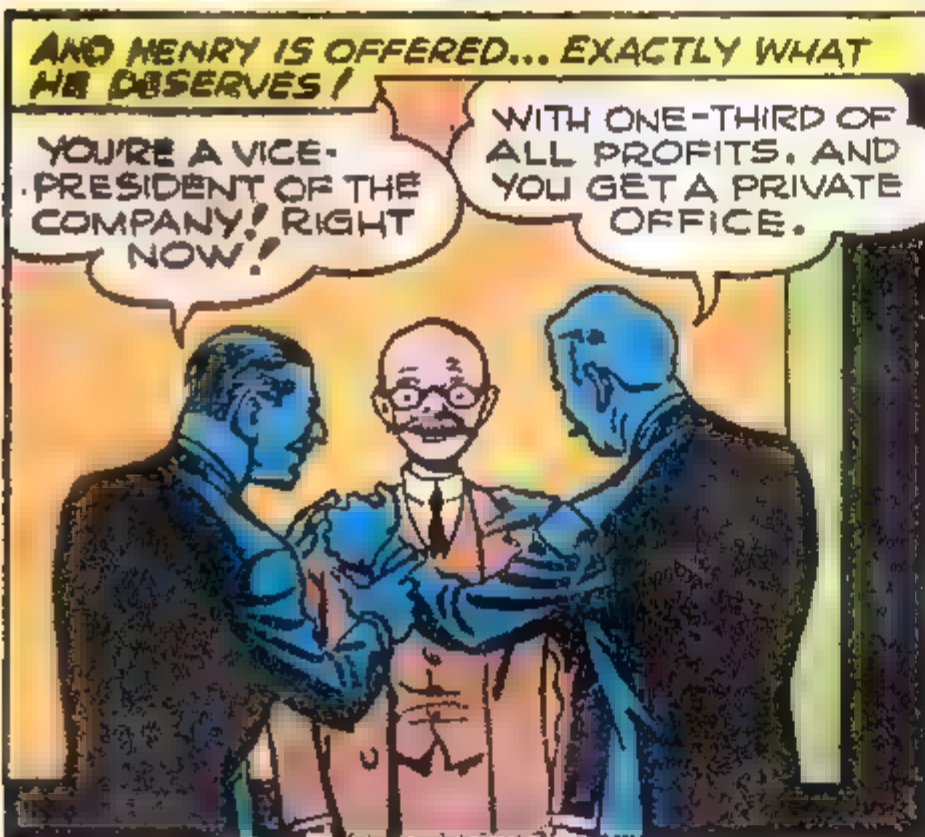
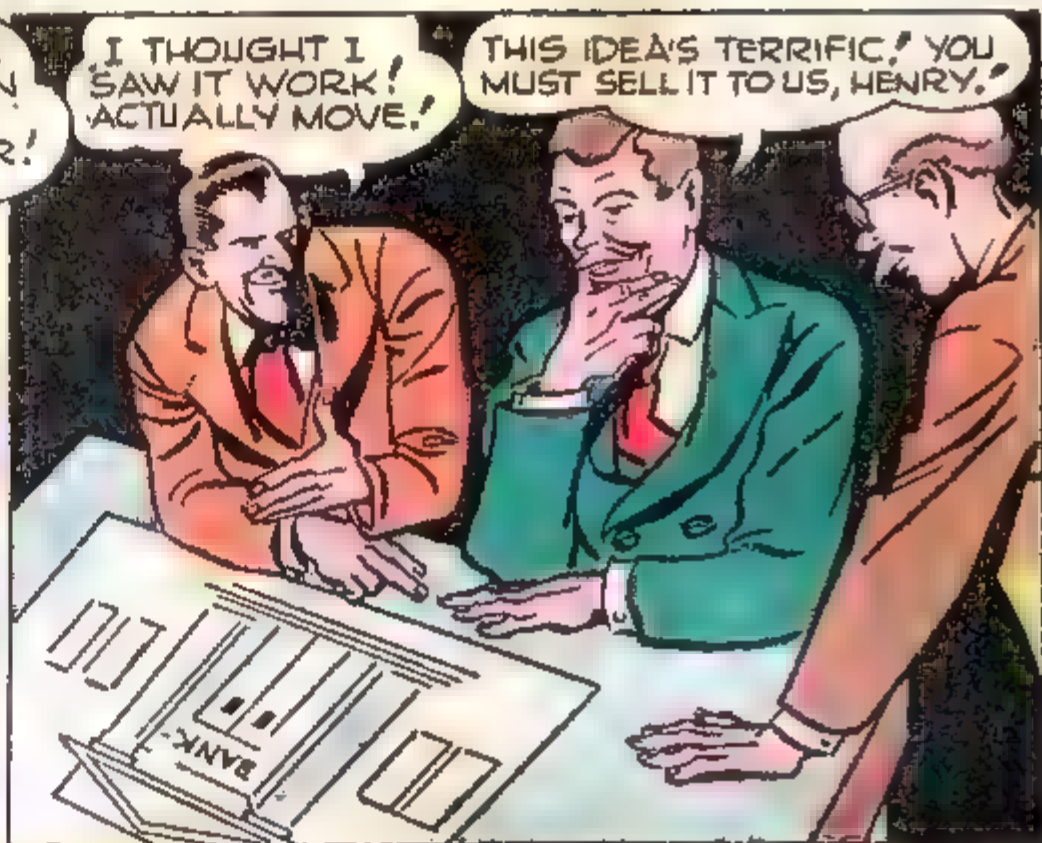
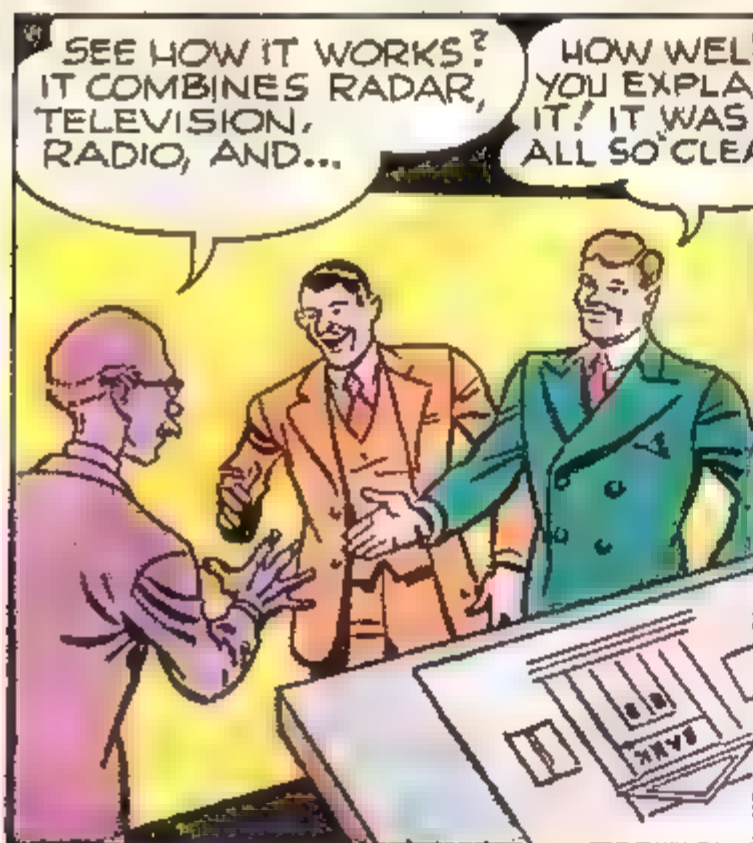
SEE? THEIR FACES MATCH! THEY'RE CROOKS!

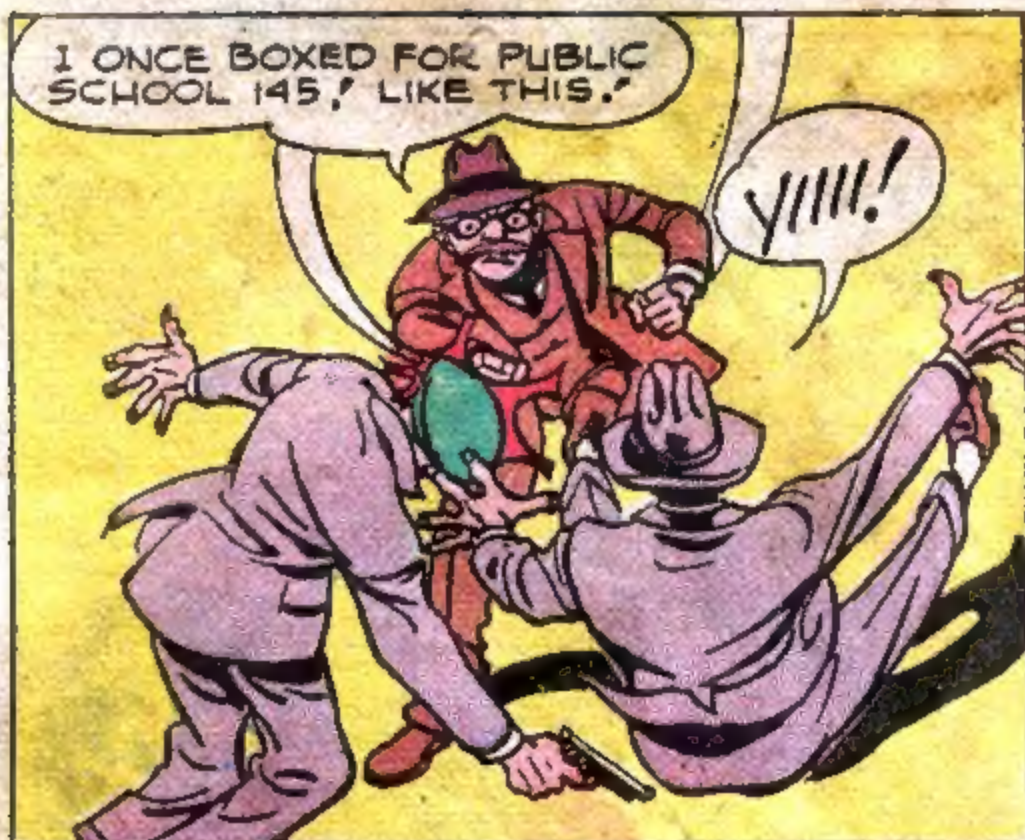


THE ALARM GIVES ITS WARNING. BELLS RING, LIGHTS FLASH ON!









YCW THOM McAN CASTLE STAMFORD

THEY SAID THE CHANGERS WERE VACATIONING IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN. SUDDENLY...

CATTLE STAMPEDES! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



NOW THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG JOB FOR ME! QUICK! - MY BASKETBALL SHOES AND GET THEIR DIALS AT LADDOON!



LOOKING ON THOM'S BASKETBALL SHOES MAKING LIGHTNINGLY SCARED BY THE BLINDING LIGHTNING CRACKLES FROM THOM'S SHOES THE CATTLE BREAK UP AND SCURRY AWAY - THE TOWN IS SAVED!

ZOO-KA!



GREAT WORK BOY! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

USE MY BASKETBALL SHOE! THE RUBBER PLATE WITH YOU'RE WEARING THEM AROUND, TOO!



THAT'S RIGHT THOM! SCOTS ARE OUT FOR KEEPING YOUR FEET IN THE STREETS, BUT FOR COMFORT AND EASY WALKING ON THE GROUND ONLY BE THOM McAN SHOES!



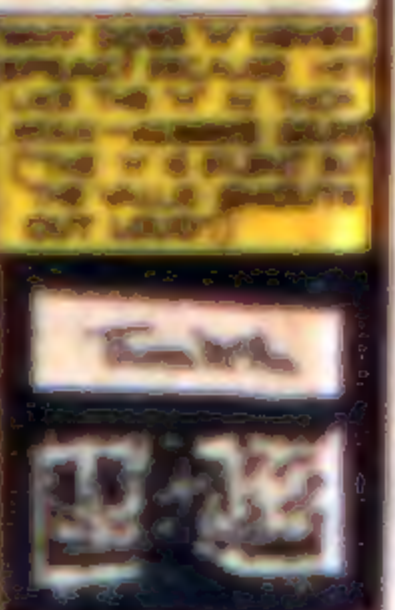
YOU SEE, WE STOPPED OUT WITH AN OYST'ER, NOW WE'VE GOT TO LOOSE MY BOAT AND THAT CALL FOR THOM McAN!



WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US - WE'VE MADE THEM! DURING WE'RE RIDING THE RIGHT TRACK WHEN WE TELL OUR POLICE WE WANT A FOOT'S BOAT - ALL THOM McAN!



WHAT DOES MY COVER SPREAD? BECAUSE WE'VE GOT THE 'M' IN THOM McAN - WE'VE GOT IT! (THE 'M' IS PLANT IN THE WALLS BRACKETS OUT LOUD!)



Thom McAn

TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
WHICH COMPRISE THE
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK
ON THE COVER



IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS

Now
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE



Look
FOR THE DC
TRADE MARK



WHAT A HIT!



NOW FOR A



Good Baby Ruth Curtiss are great!
BETTER FOR EVERY REASON!

Good Fun :

It's a good old American custom, to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting **Baby Ruth** bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the best you can buy.

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You need lots of energy to keep up with the team. **Baby Ruth** candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy ... contains other vital ingredients, too.

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